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MAR 4 1882
No. 17688
WASHINGTON

THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE

THE LEADING ILLUSTRATED SPORTING JOURNAL IN AMERICA.

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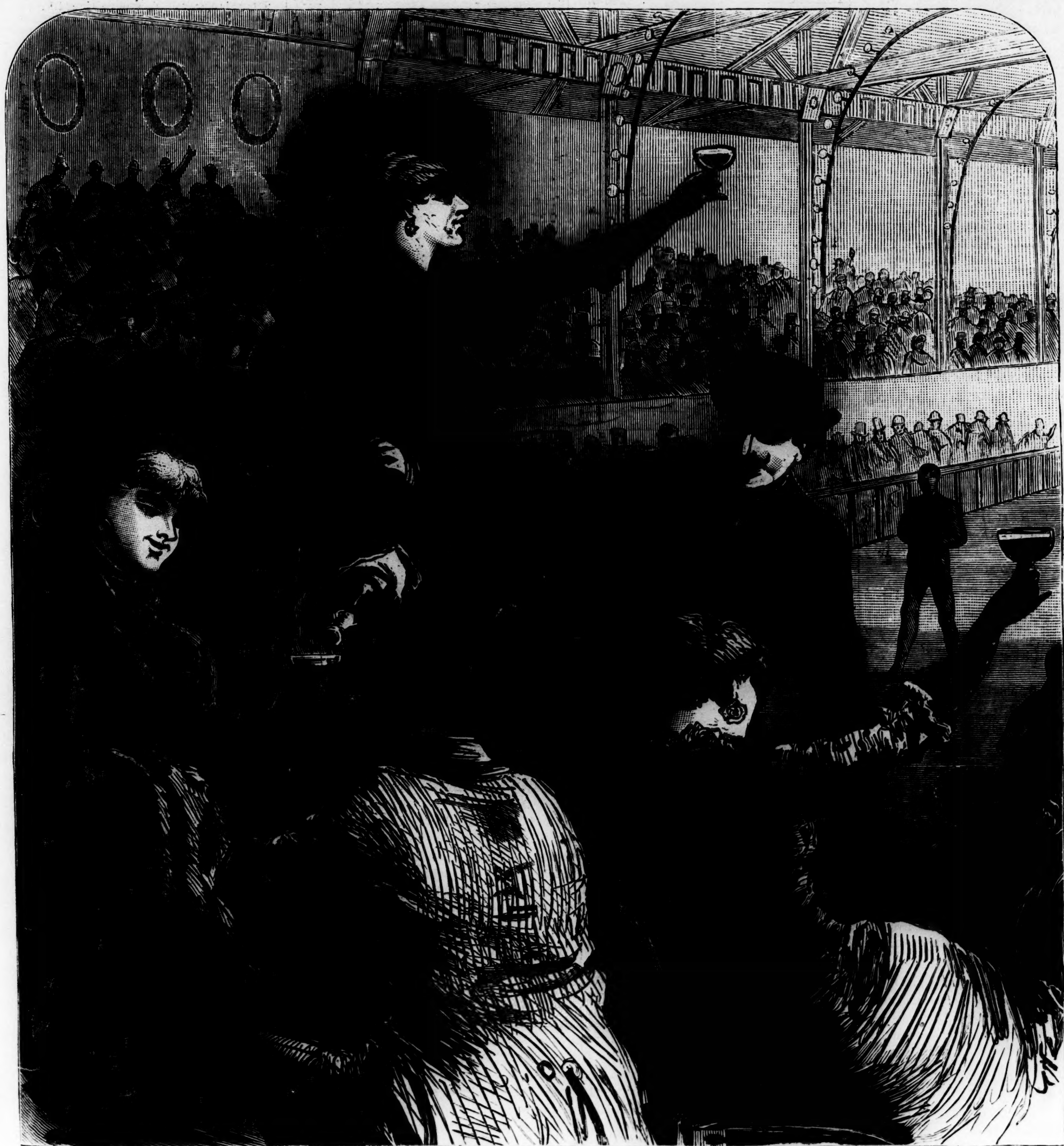
Vol. XXXIX.—No. 233.

{ RICHARD K. FOX,
William & Spruce Sts. }

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 11, 1882.

{ \$4.00 Per Year,
1.00 " Quarter. }

Price Ten Cents.



"TO THE BEST LEGS AND THE STOUTEST HEART!"

THE TOAST WITH WHICH A MERRY PARTY ENCOURAGED THE PEDESTRIANS AT THE OPENING OF THE GREAT WALK AT MADISON SQUARE GARDEN; NEW YORK.



RICHARD K. FOX, Editor and Proprietor.

PUBLISHING OFFICE:
183 William Street, Corner of Spruce, New York.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING
SATURDAY, March 11, 1882.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

One Copy, one year.....\$4 00
One Copy, six months.....2 00
One Copy, three months.....1 00
Sample Copy sent on receipt of Ten Cents.
Postage free to all subscribers in the United States.
Subscriptions, communications and all business letters must be addressed to the Publisher, 183 William Street, (P. O. Box 4), New York City.
All letters containing money should be sent by registered letter or post-office money order.

THERE IS NO OTHER!

Care should be taken not to confound the *POLICE GAZETTE* with any other illustrated publication. Ask for the

POLICE GAZETTE OF NEW YORK.

RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher,
183 WILLIAM STREET,
NEW YORK.

POLICE GAZETTE circulation—350,000. Take a back seat all the rest of you.

SOMEBODY'S going to get "left" in the grand attempt to scoop the entire pot on the English turf this season, sure. We are talking!

DID you ever—see such a perfect illustrated journal as the *POLICE GAZETTE*? Was there ever—such a success as it has won? Sound the trumpet!

RUSTIC pilgrims begin to point their noses toward the metropolis in numbers again, and the bunko men are up and stirring in anticipation of lively business.

THE walkers at Madison Square Garden have had an extraordinary reception considering the alleged decline of public interest in six-day pedestrianism.

THE history of the Arizona bandits' operations as published in another column, from the notes of a *POLICE GAZETTE* reporter, will be found of thrilling interest.

WHERE have all the pretty young women of the stage gone? Into the chorus. Look in the back rows and you'll find them. Beauty doesn't come to the front any more.

IF the over-nice newspapers east and west believe in giving the devil his due, why don't they give credit to the *POLICE GAZETTE* when they steal its spley articles of news?

THE ethereal spring time is going to be made merry by numberless pugilistic meetings in the roped arena. And the *POLICE GAZETTE* has no influence in reviving defunct sports, eh? Oh, no?

JESSE JAMES writes us to say that he defies his foes—which he has said before—that he took a long time to get the hang of his "biz," but now he's got it, the authorities will take a longer time before they "get the hang" of him.

SEND in your orders early for the *POLICE GAZETTE* double number containing, with other interesting original matter, a superb series of engravings, illustrating the lives of our soldiers and sailors, in their romantic and realistic aspects.

WHERE does the limp and antiquated *Clipper* come in in this race? We pause and look back in pity at the decrepit old concern wheezing along in the hopeless race with its young and energetic rival, the *POLICE GAZETTE*. Poor thing!

A LITTLE less beer in some of our theatres would make things more pleasant for an ob serving audience. An ancient *soubrette* or a dizzy serio-comic, however well made up, cannot be supposed to be "well preserved" because she is a little "corned."

THE gleeful pugilist still comes nimbly to the front with his little challenge, and keeps on coming. Great is the influence of the *POLICE GAZETTE*.

THE rage for baby elephants is on the increase. Barnum no sooner announces that he has one than Forepaugh blurts out that he has twins. Now, who says triplets? Ah! yes—there's Coup to be heard from yet.

SPARRING matches, according to the new style of thing, are likely to become slugging matches in earnest. The strongest blows count, and the ambitious sparrer isn't quite satisfied till he has "knocked his man out" with the gloves.

OUR illustrations and portraits in this number of the *POLICE GAZETTE* will be found to embrace every fresh and notable event of the day, and all the characters who have come to the surface in the boiling cauldron of crime and scandal.

SOME of the goody good papers have lately been copying the original articles of the *POLICE GAZETTE* without credit. It is with newspapers as it is with men—when one begins to preach "true goodness" look out, for he or it is ready to steal.

A CIRCUS tumbler travelling with a troupe through Texas, has been doubling his salary by burglarizing houses, utilizing his acrobatic skill in climbing to aid him in his feats of robbery. Last week he took a tumble and was caught before he could steal away.

BARNUM claims to receive a daily average of two hundred letters from the applicants for the prize of "the handsomest man in America." He says among so many beauties it is hard to select one. Let him take our advice and "club them all together." We'll furnish the club.

ROSSI, the Italian actor, says the photographers have been labeling Ben Maginley's bald-headed portraits as Rossi's and objects. Ben is all in a splutter over this insinuation, and says no Italian scene chewer must attempt to fire off his bald-headed photographs on him when they get him where the hair is short.

ANOTHER crank, a Greek doctor named Tachymyris, has been arrested in Brooklyn for writing threatening letters. He had been firing epistolary squips at President Arthur, but happening to turn his rhetoric physis on a doctor of the Long Island College Hospital he has got a dose in return that was too heavy for him.

A CLEAR hundred thousand gained and held in the circulation of the *POLICE GAZETTE* in two weeks. What does the slow coach press think of that? And we are improving our opportunities. The *POLICE GAZETTE* never sleeps. It is up and doing, chipper, saucy, and newswy all the time. And the public is not likely to forget it.

WHERE'S the use in our contemporaries showing their spite and temper over our success? The *POLICE GAZETTE* knows it's handsome and bright and newswy and rich and growing richer every day. Why not try to imitate our sunny countenance and our general beauty, instead of making ugly faces and pulling sour "snoots" at us?

DIZZY blondes becoming a drug in the west, the resourceful showman has raked up ideas and hours sufficient, in New York, to replace the old divinities. Now, "original Nautch dancers" are the caper, and they are expected to duplicate themselves over the country until blonde troupes and female minstrels are relegated to limbo.

THOSE blurred little starveling sheets throughout the country that have been in the habit of snarling at us must not be surprised if the *POLICE GAZETTE* bites back. It has grown up now, and is not only able to defend itself, but is inspired by an aggressive spirit when there is knavery to be run down, or sneaking, canting morality to be unmasked.

IF you want all the sensational news of the country finely illustrated and with portraits of the noted characters you read of, there is only one way to get it—buy the *POLICE GAZETTE* of New York, price ten cents.

IT is amusing to see the New York theatre managers wrangling over a lot of wretchedly translated German and French plays, while all the "rising young American dramatists" hang about Union Square with only that much speculation in their eyes that is sufficient to enable them to brace the peer saloon-keeper for a drink in order to get a hack at the free lunch.

THE parsons all over the country are coming to the front in force in emulation of the laity in crookedness. Chicago has a minister in jail for attempted rape, an elder in Pittsburgh is said to be in league with burglars, and the Rev. E. H. Knight, of Mitchell, Ind., is suspended because his wife found her last cup of tea too bitter and he found a Mrs. Woodhull too sweet. Really this is too too.

SULLIVAN, the champion, offers the "Troy Terror," Egan, whose picture we present in this week's number of the *POLICE GAZETTE*, the neat little sum of one hundred dollars to box him four rounds in this city. There would be heavy betting on such an encounter as to whether the champion could "knock out" the Troy colossus. Such an event would stir up a great interest in the manly art beyond a doubt.

THE boys of Kansas City are up with the times, as their "Mystic League of Seven," with its hair-raising, blood-curdling oath of secrecy, reported in another column, proves. Indians would have but little chance for life if the police would only let our juvenile population alone. The "seven," however, intended to bloom out as full-fledged train robbers, when the "cops" came down on them and ruined their little game.

THE vicious rumors that have been whispered about for several weeks having taken form in type in an article in the *New York Sun*, of the 25th ult., we answer them categorically, and we think, with logical force, in our sporting columns. The imputation that "sorehead" losers on the Ryan-Sullivan fight have insidiously sought to establish that there was anything but upright dealing on the part of the *POLICE GAZETTE* or its proprietor in the arrangement or management of the affair, is unwarranted by facts. Any statement or hint there has been anything in our conduct but what is fair, open, candid and upright, is simply false. We are willing to submit our conduct to the judgment of the honest sporting public, while we laugh at spiteful slurs and innuendoes of those who cannot understand the fairness and principle that have guided us in standing by our word, though we lost a large sum of money by it.

MARY ANDERSON doesn't like her full name on the bills. She wants us to call her "plain Miss Anderson." But how can we do that when she isn't "plain" at all, but rather pretty? There! that's worth at least a private box, when the other newspaper men get themselves put on the salary list for saying much less complimentary things. Taffy? Well, what of it? Why can't the *POLICE GAZETTE* have a confectionery department, too, as well as the rest of them?

EMMA ABBOTT, who pretends to such awfully awful goody goodness that she will not sing "Traviata" because the heroine is "a real naughty, bold thing," is yet content to embrace Patti, who calls Emma her little darling. And yet Patti seems a sort of Traviata herself until the relations of Nicolini are explained or justified by a wedding-ring. Oh, Emma! Your kisses are "ads"—your vaccination is as good as a sixteen column puff, and your morality can even embrace Patti when her fame becomes the equivalent of a three-sheet poster, or a high-tinted lithograph.

SOME FUNNY BUSINESS.

Scintillations of Humor and Alleged Wit, Culled from Many Sources.

THE potato is a susceptible vegetable. It is constantly getting mashed.

PUGILISTS strip for a fight, and then present each other with heavy wraps.

SHAKESPEAREAN address to a bad egg: "Hens horrible shadow, unreal mockery, hens!"

LAST summer the English dog cart was fashionable; this winter it is English "Oscar."

A GREAT many men are like a rocking horse—they are always on the go, but never get ahead.

SOCIETY note: Mrs. Hahnsdeifer had a German on Thursday night. It weighed just eleven pounds.

A BABE in Ohio that was fed on elephant's milk gained twenty pounds in one week. It was the baby elephant.

IT is curious that the pig must be killed before he can be cured. A yacht can stand on a tack without swearing. A man can't.

THE true way for a woman to drive a nail is to aim the blow square at her thumb. Then she'll at least avoid hitting her thumb.

COUNSEL—"Why are you so very precise in your statement? Are you afraid of telling an untruth?" Witness (promptly)—"No, sir."

THE worst kind of rheumatism is the spare roomatism. Many an unhappy guest has crowded in between its icy sheets and died of it.

THERE is a prevailing superstitious terror of the number thirteen. That's probably the reason why folks don't admire the Chicago shoe.

TRAINED dogs exhibit so much intelligence that it probably won't be long before there will be sausage in the market that can talk.

A CAT when pursued by a ferocious dog may not be feeling quite as well as usual but nevertheless she presents a far-straight appearance.

IN New Jersey if a bank cashier or public officer of trust doesn't get home by nine o'clock at night, they immediately begin forwarding his mail to Europe.

YES, Mary Jane, we believe it is now the custom to be vaccinated a little above the shotgun, but we don't know why, unless it is because the virus from the cow takes better on the calf.

WHAT relation is a loaf of bread to a engine? Bread is a necessity. A steam engine is an invention. Necessity is the mother of invention. Therefore, a loaf of bread is mother to a steam engine.

"WHAT makes you look so blue?" said Pat to Mike. "Gad, you'd look blue if you came home and found your wife in bed with the spinal meningitis." "Why don't you shoot the bloody Italian?"

JUDGE NYE, of Laramie, pronounces the marriage benediction as follows: "Them as this court has fined together let no man put asunder; but suffer little children to come unto them, so help you God."

A CONNECTICUT boy was sent by his mother to a neighbor's house for a cup of sour milk. On being told that there was none but sweet milk to be had, he helped himself to a chair, and said: "Well, I'll wait till it sours." He secured the championship for laziness.

A HANDSOME lady entered a dry-goods store and inquired for a "bow." The polite clerk threw himself back and remarked that he was at her service. "Yes, but I want a buff, not a green one," was the reply. The young man went on measuring goods immediately.

THE old man sighed as he took the golden-haired laughing boy upon his knees, and, stroking his shining tresses, said: "Ah! how much I should like to feel like a child again." Little Johnnie ceased his laughter and looking soberly up into his grandfather's face, remarked: "Then why don't you get mamma to spank you?"

A LADY who was a brunette happened to show her maid one of those little sticking-plaster profiles which they used to call silhouettes. It was the portrait of the lady's aunt, whom the girl had never seen, and she said, quite innocently, "La, ma'am. I always thought as how you had some black relations, you are so dark like yourself, you know."

A PHILADELPHIA man who has been abroad complains that because he objected to paying for candles which he did not use at an English hotel, and the landlord asked him how he managed to get to bed, and when told that the rays of the moon shone directly into the apartment immediately scratched on the charge for candles and inserted "Moonlight, one guinea."

MOTHER, may I go out to skate?

Yes my darling Julia,

But don't you try the figure 8.

For it will surely fool you.

Just as you make the lightning whirl!

To show your springy muscle,

The boys will see a silly girl

Sleigh-riding on her bustle.

AN old toper offered his ten-year old boy a new nickel if he would fetch him a dark bottle that stood in the corner of the pantry shelf without his mother's discovering it. The lad secured the prize and was making off with it when his mother suddenly yelled: "What have you got in the bottle, Johnny?" "I don't know," answered the innocent boy; "it is labeled tomato sauce, but it smells just like dad's breath."

TOMMY was a rogue whom his mother had hard work to manage. Their house in the country was raised a few feet from the ground, and Tommy, to escape a well-deserved whipping, ran from his mother and crept under the house. Presently the father came home, and, hearing where the boy had taken refuge, crept under to bring him out. As he approached on his hands and knees, Tommy asked: "Is she after you, too?"

IMPROVING: An agent for the sale of some household article attempted to mount the steps of a house recently, but the dog came around the corner and took a half yard of cloth from the back of his coat. The man was sliding out, when the owner of the house came and asked: "Did those dog bite you?" "He didn't bite me, but he ruined my coat," was the reply. "My good friend, excuse those dog if he didn't bite you. He is a young dog now, but by and by he shall take hold of some agents and eat der bones right out of them. He bites coat now, but he shall soon do better."

Lives of the Poisoners.

HOW THEY KILLED AND WHAT THEY KILLED WITH.

BY A MEMBER OF THE NEW YORK BAR.

CHAPTER XIV.

POISON BY WHOLESALE.

Before the court of assizes at Mayence, Germany, in March, 1835, Maria Jaeger, a widow and servant to Mrs. S. K. Reutera, also a widow, both about thirty-eight years of age, were accused before the court at Mayence, the first of having killed by poison eight persons, all of whom except one were her near relatives. The latter prisoner was charged with having killed her husband at the instigation of her servant, the aforesaid Maria Jaeger.

According to the indictment Maria Jaeger in May, 1825, poisoned her uncle; in June, 1825, she poisoned her mother, 68 years of age; in December, 1830, she poisoned her father, 70 years old; in August, 1831 she poisoned her husband; in the same year she poisoned her three daughters, two, five and ten years old; and lastly, in August, 1833, she poisoned the husband of her mistress with her assistance.

She had perpetrated all these terrible deeds with so much caution that no suspicion whatever was caused by the deaths of the seven persons. It is probable that even the death of the eighth person would not have led to any detection but from the fact, as the indictment stated that the horrid work of this monster of a woman had been cut short by the interference of a supernatural agency, which had led the woman to confess the whole of the murders she had committed during the previous eight years.

It appears from the details of the statement that after the commission of the eighth murder the woman, Maria Jaeger, was haunted by the attendance at night of an awful spectre.

She tried to close her eyes against the sight of the terrible appearance but she could not.

Though she tried to calm her mind by the assurance that the fearful sight was only the conjuring up of her own fears it was of no avail.

As soon as she opened her eyes again there was the terrible spectre before her attending her wherever she went.

The sight so terrified her that at last she could endure the haunting spirit no longer and she at length made a full confession of her crimes.

The evidence adduced was considered conclusive and on the 27th of March, 1835, the jury found both prisoners guilty of murder and they were both sentenced to death.

Another widow named Gottfried, at Bremen, was charged with poisoning fifteen persons and also, with administering poison to a very large number of other persons, from which they also received great injury.

The court after a long and patient hearing found her guilty and she was also further found guilty by her own confession of having killed by poison; 1 and 2 her father and mother; 3, 4 and 5, her three children; 6 and 7, her first and second husbands; 8, her own brother; 9, her bridegroom; 10, Paul Thomas Zimmermann; 11, John Moses; 12, the wife of Mr. J. C. Rumpff; 13, the wife of Mr. F. Schmidt; 14, Mr. F. Klein, of Hanover, and 15, with having caused the death of Eliza, daughter of Mr. Schmidt.

The prisoner fully confessed her guilt and the court on Oct. 11, 1830, ordered:

"That the accused widow of Michael Christopher Gottfried for her own well merited punishment and as a warning to others be publicly beheaded and that all the costs of the trial and proceedings be defrayed out of her personal estate."

The execution was duly carried out and witnessed by a large concourse of persons.

CHAPTER XV.

THE MURDER OF ELISHA WILSON.

Elisha Wilson was a farmer residing at Harpswell. He was 40 years old. He had a wife, a young woman of 22, of a gay temperament. She had been previously courted by a young man named Thorn but the latter followed the sea for a living and during one of his absences his sweetheart married the elder suitor.

When Thorn got back from his voyage, however, he resumed the old intimacy with Mrs. Wilson as if no barrier existed between them. His sister had married a brother of her husband, Benjamin Wilson. Benjamin's house adjoined Elisha's and the young sailor coolly took up his residence there in order to be nearer his mistress. Even this was not convenient enough for him, however, and he eventually took board in Elisha Wilson's house.

There he was often alone with Mrs. Wilson. He was seen sitting in her lap, with his arms around her neck, by Benjamin Wilson, who did not, however, deem it his business to interfere.

Thorn frequently mentioned that Elisha's health was poor and that he did not think he would live very long, though he was a rugged, healthy man and not afflicted with any disease. About the 30th of January Thorn procured a

quantity of arsenic at an apothecary's in Brunswick, on the common pretence that he wanted it to kill rats, and at the same time making inquiries as to the quantity it would take to kill a man. About the time of the purchase Elisha Wilson was taken, violently sick with faintness and vomiting.

On the morning of Feb. 5, 1863, between 3 and 4 o'clock, Thorn aroused a neighbor who lived at a short distance and Mrs. Wilson called up Benjamin Wilson and his wife in the adjoining house, informing them that Elisha Wilson was dead.

They gave different versions of the manner of his death. Mrs. Wilson's account was that he waked her in the night, complaining that he was sick, that his head ached. He was restless and turned in bed as though he wished to get up. She threw the clothes off and got up to strike a light. While doing this he fell upon the floor. She thought he had fainted, threw some water in his face and called Thorn, who was sleeping in the room alone. When he came down they put him in bed and went to call the neighbors.

Thorn's first account was that Wilson had had a dreadful fit; that it was as much as he could do to hold him in bed; he frothed dreadfully at the mouth; in his thrashing he cut his head on the headboard and bled a good deal, and to one witness he said that Wilson fell out of bed and cut a hole in his skull.

They subsequently varied their statements and Mrs. Wilson very materially. She said she awoke in the night in a terrible fright; dreamed or thought she heard a terrible noise. Elisha's head was moving on the pillow. She asked what was the matter. He said his stomach was in great distress; that his head ached and he was very dizzy. She said the noise sounded like a blow and he got out of bed, etc., as she before stated; that she called Thorn and they saw no blood until they got him into bed.

Wilson was found on his back in the middle of the bed, covered with one quilt. The bed appeared to have been occupied by only one person. A blanket, a pillow case and towel, somewhat bloody, were in a tub without water; the blanket had been wet. No other bedclothes except a cotton quilt lying on the table and another pillow-case under Wilson's head were in that apartment. One or two coverlets were hanging on a line in Thorn's chamber. Two corners of one and one corner of the other were spotted with blood and one appeared to have been wet. Two pillows without cases were lying in an adjoining room; the top of one had blood on it. The under sheet upon the bed was bloody but there was no blood upon the floor or furniture.

The deceased's head bore two wounds made with a blunt instrument, apparently a pair of tongs. The assassin had called in violence to complete the work of poison.

Thorn and his paramour were brought to trial before the Supreme Court at Portland on May 2, 1863. The trial lasted 8 days and people came to attend it from all the country around as to a fair. It resulted in the sentencing of Thorn to death, the government withdrawing the prosecution of his paramour.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

CUPID OFF HIS BASE.

Cases in Which the Wicked Little God Doesn't Take Good Aim With His Shaft.

A YOUNG clerk named Charley Pattibough, of Cincinnati, "mashed" a famous bachelorette named Mack and through his devotion to her lost his situation. Then she gave him a home in her house and supported him. A couple of weeks ago she fell ill, and in the belief that she was going to die, made a will leaving her property to a woman friend, and her diamonds, valued at \$9,000, to Pattibough. He learning of this state of affairs demanded admittance to her room. The doctors forbade him to enter and locked him out. Then he kicked down the doors and got in. He rushed to the sick woman's bedside and carried on so that she tore up the will at his command and handed him over the diamonds, with which he has been disporting in the Cincinnati bar-rooms ever since.

GEORGE SMITH, who keeps a saloon in Cincinnati, in 1877 had a miserable time of it and all because he was loved by two women—Nettie Brown and Lizzie Field. In August of that year Nettie stabbed Lizzie and killed her while both women were in a fierce paroxysm of jealousy. Nettie was sent to prison where she remained until a year ago, when she was discharged, and her George married her. They are both living in St. Louis and are very happy.

BRUIN GETS THE BULGE.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A Leadville, Col., miner named Henry Sullivan, has been amusing himself by trapping bears in the wild region about the above-named town. He was the owner of a very fine steel trap which he set in a wild secluded place in a mountain gorge, and it was rarely that he made his weekly visit to his trapping grounds without finding a rich capture in fur and bear meat at his hands. Several weeks since, during the open weather, however, he was not so fortunate. He found his trap rusty. It would not work, so he kicked at it and it was sprung, suddenly catching his foot in its cruel teeth. He almost fainted with the pain occasioned by the clutch, but he was nerved to keep his senses about him by the appearance of two bears in the edge of the woods. They paused and grinned savagely at him, but he made a supreme effort, raised his rifle and got a wild shot at them, whereupon, luckily for him, they turned about and waddled out of sight. Then after tugging for a quarter of an hour he freed his imprisoned foot and crawled back to camp more dead than alive. He says it was peculiarly aggravating to see the "bears" grinning in apparent delight because he had been caught in the trap he had intended for them.

WHISPERS OF SCANDAL.

Tender Morsels that Mrs. Grundy and the Tea-Table Gossips Enjoy.

A NEGRO in the Virginia legislature has introduced a bill to prevent white men marrying negro women or having them for mistresses.

CAMPBELL, the editor of the Wheeling West Va. *Intelligencer*, denies the story that he caught the merchant Mr. Wheat, escaping from his house at 3 A. M., *en deshabille*, as reported by the press throughout the country. He hints that the story was invented by politicians as a retaliation for some hard knocks he has been administering lately in his editorial columns. He is now searching for the inventor and promises to make things warm for him when found.

ALICE KELLER, of the Emma Abbott Opera Troupe, accused her husband, David T. Keller, formerly of the New York Dock Department, of adultery, and got an absolute divorce from him, a few days ago. She went off on her professional travels, and he found a young woman to keep house for him. She kept it so well, Mrs. Keller says, that when she returned she found that a wife was a superfluity in that household. The husband has high-toned acquaintances among the very select of metropolitan society, and the flutter among them in consequence of these revelations is very great.

DURING the latter part of February Nellie E. Goodrich, of Minneapolis, Minn., accused her husband of adultery with Mrs. Lizzie Herrick, of Champlin, and got a divorce on the strength of the accusation. A few days ago, however, the divorced wife published a statement that in view of late proofs that have come to hand she is confident that her husband did not commit adultery with Mrs. Herrick. The latter lady is the wife of B. F. Herrick, the Baptist clergyman of Champlin. The recantation has made as great a sensation as the original charge.

In Pittsburg, Pa., a scandal has at last broken up one of the wealthiest families. Three weeks ago, a prying neighbor went into the house next door on the pretence that she wished to borrow a flat iron. As she prowled through the kitchen she saw the family physician drop from the back parlor window and scot over the back fence. The lady of the house, a young wife of a year's experience in matrimony, was found much flustered and dishevelled, in the back parlor. The young husband was informed. War was the consequence in that household and last week the wife went away and the husband took bachelor's quarters. The names of the parties are carefully withheld because they have money, and money in Pittsburg is an impenetrable shield behind which any sort of wickedness may hide in safety.

"THE MYSTIC SEVEN."

A Band of Boy Burglars and Their Terrible Blood-Sealed Oath.

A gang of boy train robbers has been brought to grief in Kansas City, nipped in the very bud of their ambitious aspirations to greatness, as it were, by the remorseless police.

There were to be only seven of them who were to form the organization which originated in the brain of two youths who had acquired their education from the glowing pages of the dime novel, and one of them, Jim Noon, had run away to Arizona and returned full of new heroic ideas. They were all youngsters from fifteen to seventeen years old; and of course were bound together by the most frightful oath, which was subscribed by the seven in blood.

At the top of the sheet on which this agreement was written was a couple of skulls and cross bones and a cross on either side of which were a skull and a coffin. The following is the text of the oath:

"The meaning of train robbing is to sacrifice the chances of life and free death for money. I now enter into contract with the mystic seven and take the above chances. I know I am leaving life and happiness behind me and am entering a road beset with danger. I know I can take my choice of the two and so I will take the last named. I also wish that the devil may tear my limbs apart and into inches if ever I reveal this secret, or in case of arrest I am willing to take what I get while wishing the rest of my comrades long, happy and free life. I also swear that I shall die by my comrades in case of a fight for freedom. I also swear that if one of us reveals on us and causes the arrest of all but me I shall, so helping God, carry out our penalty on the one who squeals. I hope the gates of hell shall be open wide for me the moment I break this black oath, wishing that the Lord shall allow the devil the power of reward or melting flesh with eternal punishment in hell. I sign and remain before God, man, brother, comrade and devil, for them to punish me if I break oath, and I do break my neck. I hope I love and shed my heart's blood for the brother, and hope we shall meet the same as now in the other world. Signed by me so help my God.

"Your comrade true to death and revenge.

"True to death, Mike Aloys Sheen. † God to witness.

"True to death, Bob McDaniels. † God to witness."

The others signed below.

Everything would have gone well with the la's had they not tripped up on their seventh conspirator. His name was Fogarty. When they proposed the thing to him he grinned and when he took the oath he roared. But worst of all when the lads had appointed their meeting place and had transported their dark lanterns, masks and bags for the booty to the spot he went off to the police and gave the whole thing away. Furthermore he even guided the peelers to the spot and had his comrades so completely surrounded that not one of the desperate band remains free to wreak vengeance, in accordance with the blood-sealed oath, on the traitor.

The whole party is now in custody and the authorities pause at the question, "What are we going to do with them?"

CROOKED CAPERS.

Scrapes and Scandals of all Sorts and from all Quarters.

MRS. AMELIA KYNETT, of Canton, Ohio, has obtained a divorce from her husband. In her petition she stated that on Sept. 7, 1881, her husband Joseph R. Kyndett, summoned her to Alliance to show her some property he had bought, meeting her at the depot in a buggy. She got in and when he had driven with her into a dark wood, he pointed a pistol at her head and compelled her to write a confession of criminal intimacy with certain men. This done two men came out of the woods and subscribed their names as witnesses. Then the old man departed her, but Mrs. Kyndett

him and went several points better by proving her case in court.

A YOUNG mechanic of Louisville was about to marry a dashing young widow of good family, when his friends discovered that she had two illegitimate children stowed away in the care of a nurse in Cincinnati. He guessed he would rather not and he didn't, and now all Louisville is talking about it.

AUGUSTUS PRABODY, of Danvers, Mass., being caught a couple of weeks ago living with Minnie Hart, his fourth wife, was put under \$300 bonds and skipped to Canada. He began matrimony in 1863 when he married Elizabeth L. Thomas. He entered the army, deserted, was sentenced to be shot, but his wife saved him by a personal appeal to President Lincoln. When he was discharged he deserted her. He married again in Shapleigh, Maine, but soon deserted No. 2. Then he turned up at Windham, N. H., where he married Susie Avery, by whom he had three children. Then he "lit out" again and married Miss Hart with the result above noted. When his case was called in court his four wives sat all in a row ready to receive him, but he had prudently got over the border and sacrificed his bond. Lucky man!

ELDER TRASK'S RACKET.

How He Exhorts the Faithful and Aids Burglars, Builds Churches and Breaks Banks.

Pittsburg, Pa., is exciting itself over late whispered revelations of the record of a certain popular revivalist known as Elder Trask. He is a fine, tall, oily-tongued, sleek, religious looking man of about 45 years, a glib talker and the perfect ideal of a pulpit exhorter. He would pass muster even in Brooklyn as the Simon pure whining, canting article. He was in the bar-room of the Monongahela House when interviewed by a reporter for the *GAZETTE*.

"Am I a preacher?" repeated he, "well, you just bet I am," taying with the spoon in his hot whiskey.

Do you acquire your title of Elder from connection with any church?" inquired the reporter doubtfully.

"Why of course," said he with a laugh, "I'm not only an elder of the church but I am a damned good preacher."

The emphasis with which he said this left no room for further doubt. Being pressed thereupon for a few points in his life's history he ordered a second hot whiskey and talked without apparent reserve.

He was born in Massachusetts and his parents being well to do he received a fine education. At the age of 25 he married a young lady of Boston, who died a year after leaving an infant daughter on his hands. Leaving the child with his relatives he went to Philadelphia to embark in business, but spent all his money on a spree and getting into a fight killed his man and was sent to the penitentiary for manslaughter. While he was there he detected that the profession of piety would gain him kind treatment and an amelioration of the rigors of prison discipline. The practical benefits of religion being thus impressed on him he at once got a change of heart and asked leave to speak a word for Jesus to his fellow prisoners in the prison chapel. He made such a hit that when he was released Christian workers in the prison took him in hand and presented him to Mr. Moody, the revivalist, then in the hey-day of his success. He was introduced as a noted example of the saving grace of religion and as a veritable brand plucked from the fire of Hades.

With this endorsement he was soon enabled to branch out for himself and raised a genuine religious furor by his fine oratorical gifts.

He started numerous churches which have since been built, but in making collections for them managed to feather his own nest liberally. The police of the Massachusetts towns where he operated dropped to his life's game. Then he skipped to New York, where he, it is alleged, used to work with a gang of burglars, travelling ahead on the religious lay, marking the good crime to crack and keeping his pals posted in regard to the general lay of the land.

With the proceeds of his mixed religion and crime he has, it is said, started his daughter as the keeper of a palatial bachelorette in Philadelphia, while he ropes in the suckers in his revival tours through the State and gives them a "steer" that lands the best of them plump into her hands.

This is bringing cheek and religion into a close partnership that pays indeed, for the Elder lives like a prince, rolls in wealth, in fact, and has gold poured into his purse with scarcely an effort on his part.

WOMEN'S DEVILTRIES.

Where the Weaker Sex Comes Out Strong in Comparison to the Stronger.

A TUCSON, N. M., editor, in a spasm of super-heated morality, ventured to reprove several high-spirited young ladies of the place for their frisky manners and their adoption of the loudest of the new fashions, hoping to bring them back to a Quakeress simplicity of dress and demeanor by mentioning their names in print. To his horror his typographic chastisement was resented by a committee of the belles who, waiting on him armed with revolvers and raw-hides, compelled him to eat his own words by bolting a fresh copy of his paper while he danced under the lash laid on by the fair hands of these haves of fashion.

A LADY arrived at Osborne, Ohio, one day last week, and at the depot asked a well-known church deacon to escort her to a saloon where she could get a drink. He did so, but on the way made improper proposals to her. She resented these proposals but qualified her refusal by the statement that although she was chaste herself she was in the business and kept a bachelorette in Dayton. If he, her escort, was a sample of the sort of men the Osborne deacons were, she would telegraph to Dayton to have half a dozen of her young ladies to come down. When that train arrived all the deacons and Sunday-school teachers in town crowded around to see the girls arrive; but none came, and the sell had been given away by the lady. Some of the best men in the town were at the depot, and manifested great interest in the arriving train, and now the reputation of the leading church members has suffered a decline of full fifty per cent. from its former high figures.

THE woman Lutz and her alleged paramour, George W. Lutz, who are in jail in Minneapolis, Minn., charged with adultery by the woman's husband, a mechanic named O'Donnell, still stick to their story that the latter is mistaken in claiming her as his wife. The evidence on his side is most positive, however, and the denial on the part of the woman and Lutz is considered a piece of surpassing "cheek." The Lutz couple, who are Sunday-school teachers, pass their time in singing hymns, in prayers and love passages. They keep it up well.

Revenge of a Jealous Actress.

The stage has its play of emotions in dusk behind the scenes, as well as in the lime light glare on the boards. There are love affairs and heart burnings behind the mask of Momus that often flare up more fiercely than does the simulated emotions presented for critical inspection before the foot-lights. A case in point. A popular Philadelphia theatre has been trembling with the rumblings of an emotional volcano and an internecine disturbance seemed likely to occur at any moment during the run of a popular sensational play that has held the stage there for some weeks. A budding actress—a young beauty in the chrysalis condition of semi-artistic development that leaves her half way between a ballet-girl and a walking lady—a little of each and the whole of neither—fell in love with a prominent actor in the cast as your neophytes in stage business always will. Your experienced actress never has a weakness for the men of the stage; she prefers the *finesse doree* of the lobbies and the private boxes; but the young beginners are not proof against the wiles of the professional "mashers," and sometimes fall their



P. E. ADKINSON,

MURDERED BY W. H. YEATTS, AT SYCAMORE DEPOT, VIRGINIA.



W. H. YEATTS,

MURDERER OF P. E. ADKINSON, AT SYCAMORE, VIRGINIA.

of the less brilliant swains of the neighborhood sent for him after each dismissal, and took him back to her heart. For several weeks past he has been living in the town preparing for his wedding. He struck a friendship with a young merchant who had cast a lovers' eye on Miss Rorer, but who, nevertheless, aided the successful lover by loans of money, and who helped him in every way to consummate his wishes. Meantime the scandals concerning the bridegroom were poured into the young girl's ear, even Adkinson betting her that her intended husband, Yeatts, had presented him (Adkinson) with a forged order for \$75. Well, a few days ago the pair were married, Adkinson being present at the wedding and lending his horse and buggy to the bridegroom to convey them to and from church. The day after the marriage, Yeatts left his bride, telling her he was going to Lynchburg to work and that he would return in three weeks. He went to Adkinson's store and the two started out for a walk. The next day Adkinson was found dead on the railroad track with a pistol shot wound in the head and Yeatts was captured two days after on a freight train trying to make his way out west from Lynchburg. He denies the shooting and says he was trying to get away



AN ACTOR'S REALISTIC EFFECT.

A GREAT SENSATION SCENE SPOILED IN A PHILADELPHIA THEATRE BY THE LEADING MAN'S FALL INTO AN AMBUSH OF EGGS.

prey. In the Philadelphia girl's case it was the old story—satire and repugnance. She felt the pangs of furious jealousy when she saw his eyes straying over the footlights at the matinees and noted the looks of intelligence between him and the beautiful and gushing young candy nibblers in the front rows of the parquette. She pleaded and upbraided in vain. He was "gone" in another direction. She didn't love deep enough to kill him. She could not make up her mind to "give herself away" by scratching his face in public. She preferred to resort to a stratagem that would at once make him ridiculous and punish him for his infidelity. His famous leap into the canvass river—from a shaky plank dock, surrounded by a shining spray of isinglass, was his grand triumph. She determined to spoil



MRS. PEDRO MONTELLS,

THE FEATURE OF THE LATEST NEW YORK DIVORCE CASE.



PEDRO MONTELLS,

THE RICH SPANISH MERCHANT OF NEW YORK, NOW SUING HIS WIFE FOR DIVORCE.

because he knew the \$75 order he had given Adkinson was a forgery and was afraid to wait till it was discovered. All the contents of the murdered man's pockets—money, rings, memoranda, etc., were found in the possession of the accused, who accounted for them by the statement that Adkinson had a hole in his pocket and had given them to him for safe keeping.

Miss LILLIE BELLEW, of Slater, Mo., loved a young man. It was the old story of seduction and abandonment. When her baby was born she was turned out of doors by her rich uncle and her cousins, and for a month has been begging shelter and work from door to door. She died of exposure and privation on the 6th inst., leaving her poor babe to the mercies of the cold world.



THOMAS J. MADGE,

NEW YORK MERCHANT, WHO FIGURES IN THE MONTELLS' SCANDAL CASE.

it, and she did. One evening a week or two ago she secretly deposited two dozen eggs, wrapped in a paper, on the mattress on which the gallant actor was to leap, and awaited the result. He leaped. The spray that sprang up when he disappeared was a decided yellow, and as the eggs were grocery man's eggs, the flavor left after the scene was very much as if the actor had leaped into the river at the mouth of a sewer. The vicious girl's dramatic aspirations have been nipped in the bud, for she has been discharged, and has made a mortal foe of an actor who is bound to be somebody great in his profession in spite of eggs or women.

A Bridal and a Murder.

A honeymoon illuminated with the lurid glare of revengeful passions, culminated in a bloody murder, is the sensation of Sycamore, a little station on the Virginia Midland Railway between Chatham and Lynchburg, Va. A famous belle and flirt of the neighborhood was a Miss Fannie Rorer, who had all the young men in town on a string. She favored a stranger from the city, named W. H. Yeatts, but during a two years' courtship so many scandals were whispered in her ears about him that she dismissed him several times, but finding she loved him more than any



WILLIE DICKINSON,

LOST BOY OF OCONTO, WISCONSIN.



BRUIN GETS THE "BULGE."

A LEADVILLE, COL., HUNTER CAUGHT IN THE TRAP HE HAD SET FOR BEARS.

A Beau Bewitched.

Mollie Hayden, of Charleston, S. C., had been keeping company with a spoony, bashful young man named Charles Asby, for something like a year, and although the old people had regularly left the pair in the parlor alone on Sunday nights, still the fair Mollie could not bring her swain to time. In despair she avowed that she could neither pique him into proposing nor drive him away. He would come, and while he came all the other lovers would stay away. He finally was brought to terms by means which will be detailed hereafter, but when the day was appointed and the bride was ready,

Charley who, his friends had noticed, had become a shadow of his former self, pleaded illness, and did not appear to go through the ceremony. He was thereupon arrested, and this is the explanation he gave:

He said he was bewitched, and that was the cause of his illness and his fading away. Who had bewitched him? His beloved; his own dear Mollie herself! How? Well, seeing he was bashful and wouldn't propose, she had consulted an old wench, a servant to her family for years. This negress was the possessor of many magic charms, and besides was a Voodoo enchanter herself. She gave the girl a formula and a black cat with which to work on her bashful lover. The next Sunday night, Charley says, when he appeared as usual in the parlor, he found the black cat there as well as Mollie. As the evening wore on he noticed that the cat's eyes sparkled with a fiendish phosphorescence in the dark. This he didn't mind at first, but when he kissed Miss Mollie, he remarked that her lips seemed to be aflame, and there was a smell of sulphur. Then he was alarmed. He sprang to his feet intending to run, but was transfixed by the spectacle that met his gaze. Mollie was breathing little blue flames through her nostrils, the black cat was perched on a piece of furniture



JENNIE WESTBROOK,

THE WOMAN WHO MASQUERADED IN MALE ATTIRE AND BOTHERED THE NEW YORK COURTS.



HOW SHE LOVED HIM.

A CHARLESTON, S. C., BEAU BEWITCHED BY A CHARMER WHO BREATHED BLUE FLAMES THROUGH HER NOSTRILS.

emitting flames from its eyes, and spitting blue sparks at him, and a supernatural glare of blue fire seemed to illuminate the darkness of the room. In his terror he fell on his knees, declared his passion and was accepted. Ever since, he said, he had been pining away under the unholy charm of the Voodoo. The magistrate declaring that the only way to break the mystic spell was to try matrimony, Charley agreed to it as a last desperate resort, and the pair were married in due form. Hymen's counter-irritant is guaranteed to kill the black cat and quench the flames in the nostrils of the enchanting bride, who the judge assumes is not likely as a wife to be aflame only in the nostrils. A wise judge that.



AN AESTHETIC ROOM WANTED.

THE WILDE AND TERRIBLE TRAVELLER WHO PARALYZED A HOTEL CLERK, AND GAVE THE BELL BOY A FIT OF DELIRIUM TREMENS BY BREATHING ON HIM; JERSEY CITY.

HUSH MONEY; OR, THE MURDER IN THE AIR.

BY OSCAR SATTERLEE, P. D.

CHAPTER XVI.
MR. FINCH COLLAPSES.

"As I levelled the pistol," Margaret Martindale went on, "she sprang upon me. What followed I could not tell if it were to save me from the gallows. I only remember that my brain turned to fire, and that I fought like the maniac I was.

"When I came to myself it was with a curious sense of oppression weighing on me. I could not move hand or foot. I was alive, yet incapable of motion; I felt strength in my limbs, yet could not use them.

"I could use my eyes though, and they showed me that I was in a bare room, with whitewashed walls and a low ceiling, and a little window heavily barred. A horrible fear took possession of me and I screamed for help.

"A door opened behind me with a ponderous clang, and a powerful woman, with a hard, practical but not cruel face bent over me. I tried to talk to her; to ask where I was and how I had come there, and what it was that ailed me, but my voice refused its office, and I could only utter a jumble of almost unintelligible words. The woman soothed me, spoke gently and reassuringly, and so, little by little, I learned all.

"I was in the public madhouse, and the power which held me helpless was the straight-jacket.

"I had been found, raving and helpless, on the sidewalk in a by street in New York near the Fulton ferry, and been sent here to be cared for. I could give no account of myself, but only raved of a man and woman who had wronged me and whom I had killed.

"The police had made a thorough investigation and discovered that no such tragedy as I alluded to had occurred. They had set my story down as the fantasy of a disordered intellect, and given me over to the mad doctors in whose care I now was.

"Weeks passed and found me still a prisoner there. I tried to tell my story, but was laughed at. The police knew better, was the only answer I ever got. I was doomed to live, forgotten among madmen, till I went mad myself, unless I myself could contrive some plan for escaping.

"A few days back the opportunity for which I was ever watchful offered itself. A large party of visitors came to the asylum, and it was dusk when they departed. I found a chance to join them, and thus got upon the ferry boat unsuspected and was landed in New York.

"Homeless, penniless, I know not where to turn. The winter night found me wandering the streets without a place to lay my head. I dared not apply at a station house, where I knew I would have been sheltered, for fear of being recognized and sent back. But I was at least free. I found shelter in a doorway for a portion of the night, and next day when the public libraries opened I found shelter in one of them. I sat there, reading and dozing all day long. I had no idea of what to do; no ambition to do anything; my brain was stupefied and my spirit crushed.

"That night I prowled the streets as I had the one before. I had eaten nothing since I left my prison; hunger overcame my shame, and I spoke to that man. I had to beg or die in the snow, and the instinct of self preservation was strong enough to move me to the first alternative. The rest I have already told you.

The speaker concluded in a dead silence, which was suddenly and violently disturbed.

"Avast there, shipmate!" called a voice in the rear of the courtroom. "Make way a bit, will you?"

The pallid face of Margaret Martindale flushed at this outburst, and she seized the railing before her as if for support. Virton, who had remained close to her sprang forward, and the judge leaned over his desk and asked:

"What is it?"

Before she could reply a grizzled, wind-tanned man, gray-haired and sturdy, with a rough overcoat such as seafaring men affect over his respectable suit of navy blue cloth, appeared in front of the bar. Margaret Martindale uttered a faint cry; the stranger sprang toward her, and she shrank from him with averted head.

"Maggy!"

The girl made no reply, though her lips moved, and she grasped the railing with trembling hands.

"Maggy!" the old man repeated, "I've been sailing in your wake these two years, with a sharp look-out kept aloft and aloft. You poor, foolish gal, why didn't you come home?"

He put his hand out and she shrank from contact with it. In a moment more he was on his knees at her feet.

"Good people all!" he cried "I call on ye to witness. This here gal, the darter of my old messmate for many a long year, is my darter.

too. Never, since the day she run away from me, have I forgot her for an hour at a time. I've hunted her high and low, and now that I've overhauled her at last she turns from me."

"And I ought to turn from any honest man," said the girl, huskily, still without looking at him.

"I'd kill the man that told me so, as sure as my name's Elnathan Chuff," exclaimed the old man, fiercely, seizing her hand. "Maggy, will you come home?"

The girl's only answer was a sob, but it was enough for the mariner. In an instant he was on his feet and had her folded in his arms.

Then reaching out a lean, brown hand to John Smith in the prisoners' dock Captain Chuff said:

"Shipmate, put it there!"

John Smith complied, and the captain closed his fingers in a grip that made the owner of the flesh and blood inside of them wince.

"I don't know who you are, messmate," the captain went on, "nor do I ask. You're a man, and you've acted the man to my gal here. If you was the bloodiest pirate that ever scuttled a galleyon I'd touch fins with you and call you friend."

"And where do I come in?" demanded Virton, who had been looking on with amused interest.

"Yard-arm and yard-arm with him," replied the captain, "though you do carry better canvass. Maggy's friends is my friends, and God help them as has done her wrong."

In the meantime the judge had been consulting with his clerk over the drafting of a warrant. Now he asked:

"Where is the place of business of the man you accuse of wronging you?"

"In Crane Alley," replied the girl.

"That must be Martindale, Finch & Smithson," observed the clerk. "Young Martindale, you know, your honor, whose father was president of the Bangpu Bank."

"Dear me! and is it possible?"

"I know the firm well; and old Martindale was such a highly respected man."

"His son makes up for it, your honor," said the clerk. "Why, he's one of the wildest blades about town—a perfect hurricane."

"We'll tame him then. Is the warrant ready?"

It was, and with a couple of scratches of the pen the signature necessary to complete it was added. An officer was despatched with it at once, and the judge ordered the court closed. "You will wait in my private room until there is a return of the warrant made," said the magistrate to Margaret Martindale. "The prisoner and your friends may remain with you. It is necessary to complete this business promptly now. Who knows but the guilty man, if he is guilty as you claim him to be, has not already fled?"

And thus it came to pass that, as Mr. Martindale folded the check upon which the nervous hand of Mr. Finch had scattered those ugly drops of carmine ink, he felt a hand upon his shoulder, and turning, faced a policeman standing in the doorway of the private office, his claim to which he was now disposing of. So quietly had the officer appeared that no one had noticed him till now. Now Mr. Smithson gave vent to an exclamation of amazement. As for Mr. Finch, he sat in his armchair as if the sight of the intruder had turned him to stone.

"Well!" demanded Mr. Martindale, sharply. "What is the matter! What do you want here?"

"You, sir," replied the policeman, coolly.

"Me!"

"Leastways Mr. Martindale, and I believe you're him."

"And what do you want me for?"

"Murder!" was the reply.

Mr. Martindale started back and half raised his clenched hand, but in an instant the emissary of the law was upon him, with his arm around his waist and a cocked revolver at his head.

"Easy, sir," he said; "you can't make a run for it. I'm very sorry, but it's the order of the court in black and white. Read for yourself, sir."

This was to Mr. Smithson, to whom the speaker now handed a folded paper. It was a warrant, issued in due form, and commanding the apprehension of George Martindale to answer to a charge of murder.

"But this is too absurd!" exclaimed Mr. Martindale, angrily. "Who issued this warrant?"

"Judge Simpkins, at the Jefferson Market court, sir," replied the policeman.

"And upon what grounds?"

The policeman shrugged his shoulders with an answering.

"Who's my accuser?"

"A lady, sir."

"What lady?"

The policeman hesitated for a moment, then he said:

"Well, the fact of the matter is, sir, it's your wife."

Mr. Martindale gave vent to an exclamation of amazement, and Mr. Smithson to a long whistle. As for Mr. Finch, he only groaned and rolled his feeble eyes to the ceiling.

"Well, this is certainly a sensation to me," observed Mr. Martindale, coolly. "Of course there's some ridiculous mistake somewhere."

"No doubt, sir," responded the policeman,

coolly, speaking on general principles because his prisoner was looking at him. "That there gent seems to think so, anyways."

The gentleman he alluded to was Mr. Finch, who sat as if petrified, glaring vacantly at the people before him. Mr. Smithson, who was nearly as thoroughly stupefied himself now awoke to sufficient self-possession to shake his partner by the shoulder.

"Why, what's the matter, Theo?" he asked.

"Wake up, man! Are you dreaming?"

Mr. Finch sat up with a start and passed his hand over his forehead. He removed it, wet with the perspiration which had started out on him in beads.

"I don't know—I really can't—I wish I was," he replied, disjunctively. "It's awful; perfectly horrible."

"Upon my word, I think he's losing his wits," groaned Mr. Smithson. "Oh! George! What does this all mean?"

"I'm sure you know as much of it as I do," replied Mr. Martindale, "for I'm as ignorant of any crime as I am of the reason why I should be accused of one."

"Well, there's an easy way of finding out, gents," observed the policeman, meaningly. "The court's a waiting."

"True," replied Mr. Martindale, buttoning his coat. "We won't detain it any longer. You are not going to let me make the trip alone, are you, boys?"

Mr. Finch made no reply, but Mr. Smithson spoke for him.

"I guess not," he said. "Come, wake up, Theo! Be a man."

It was a good deal easier to adjure Mr. Finch to be a man than to induce him to obey the adjuration. If he had been stricken suddenly with a palsy he would not have been more limp and helpless, and his partner had literally to haul him out of his chair and invest him in his overcoat. Mr. Martindale had meantime dispatched a messenger for a hack, and it being presently announced at the door, the party set forth, to the no little amazement of all who beheld them, bearing Mr. Finch between them, speechless, and in a state of utter collapse.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

RECORDS OF "BAD MEN."

A String of Villainies that make Angels Weep and the Imps of Satan Grin.

DETECTIVE TOOKER of New York City, on the 14th ult., laid his hand on the shoulder of a burglar named Thomas, alias "Hump" Hennessy, while he was passing through the street. The ruffian instantly fired a revolver shot point blank at the officer, the bullet striking him square on the forehead but glancing around the skull to the back of the head. The detective was staggered but he hung on to his man, and after a desperate struggle took him in. It will require a charmed bullet to kill that detective.

THE town of Delafield, Wis., claims to have the champion villain. His name is Tom Evans. Some years ago an old farmer died, leaving all his fortune (for he was rich) to his youngest child, a daughter, disinheriting his four older children. After his death the widow engaged Tom Evans to run the farm. He slyly went about the seduction of the young heiress, and the parent discovered that the child (aged only 14) was soon to become a mother. Evans acknowledged his guilt and offered to marry the girl. The marriage took place but was kept a secret, and the child wife died shortly after the birth of her infant, which lived only a week. Evans is now seeking to wrest the property from the widow, whose defence is that her child was a minor, and had not acquired her inheritance, and moreover, being under fifteen years of age could not contract a legal marriage according to the laws of the State. Evans claims the property reverted to him on the death of the child, and has a crowd of lawyers pushing his claim for what they can make out of it.

A PARTY of "fresh" young clerks of St. Louis, headed by Nat Y. Kelly, a floor-walker in a dry goods store in that city, went out for a little time one night a week or two ago. In their rambles they brought up in the saloon of Billy Carroll, a well-known sporting man, who has had a hand in some of the most prominent events of late years, notably the prize fights in which Tom Allen appeared. Kelly and his "airy" gang began operations by insulting Carroll's wife who was in the saloon. When he insisted that she should not be addressed in filthy terms, Kelly turned on him saying that he (Kelly) was Sullivan, and that he was going to wipe the floor with Carroll. Thereupon he hit "mine host" in the nose and fired a beer glass at him. Carroll then lost patience and shot his assailant in the breast. The man will die.

HUSBANDS AND WIVES.

Billings, Coatings, Wrangles and Divorces of the Married and the Too-Much Married.

SOME time since George Buckley and his wife, of Springfield, Mo., separated. She went to live with her father, and her husband called on her on the 11th ult. A family row was the consequence, in which the brothers of the wife and husband engaged with shot guns. The family portraits were riddled with shot, the chandeliers were torn down and several chairs were broken up to make clubs, but with the exception of a few contusions the parties to the affray escaped without injury.

DURING the Tate murder trial in Indianapolis, Ind., Hon. H. W. Harrington and Hon. J. W. Gordon were the opposing counsel and in the course of the legal squabbles between them Gordon asserted that Harrington's present wife had lived in adultery with him before their marriage. Harrington explained in a card to the papers that he had got a divorce from his first wife, Adelaide Harrington, on the ground of her adultery with a man named Manly in New York, where she now resides, and then married his present wife. Wife No. 1, alleging that he was living in adultery with wife No. 2, got a divorce from him afterward by default. Wife No. 1, reading this explanation, became incensed and has begun a suit for malicious libel against her former husband and a very pretty expose is expected in consequence of this declaration of war.

BEAUTY ON THE RAMPAGE.

Cranks, Escapades, and Deeds of Pure Cussedness Devised by Restive Belles Near and Far.

ELLA BOWLER, aged 22, of Brookville, Ind., quarreled with her lover and said she wanted to die. He handed her a pistol and she fired a bullet into her chest.

COLLINS, of Fargo, Dakota, has brought suit against Slingsby, the postmaster of the town, for adultery with Mrs. C. Collins says he caught Slingsby in his wife's room and gave him a good thrashing, which the postmaster denies.

Two years ago Philip Wehling deserted his wife in Germany. She arrived in New York two weeks since and going to Paterson, N. J., found her spouse living there with her younger sister and a baby. The recreant husband is now in durance vile.

NELLIE, the daughter of Hon. Wm. Fleming, a director of the New York, Chicago and St. Louis railroad, eloped from Fort Wayne, Ind., on the 9th ult. with Anthony Tentman, a well known sporting man of Chicago. The couple went to Detroit where they were married. Her relatives are furious over the event.

JOE HURTADO, of Sacramento, Cal., had a pretty wife. The other morning, the 11th ult., she remarked to him incidentally at the breakfast table that a friend of his named Jose Antonio Estuardo had been criminally intimate with her on two occasions but that she intended to wipe off the slate and begin a new game, so she asked that these two lapses might not count against her. The husband thereupon arose, went forth and meeting the gay Jose shot him through the body and beat the skull of the corpse into a jelly. He was arrested and now his wife is bringing flowers to his cell and going through osculatory calisthenics with him through his prison bars.

LOT C. HILTON, aged 45, of Minneapolis, Minn., wants a divorce from his wife Lucetta, aged 23. They lived together ten years and then he detected her in adultery with Arnold Anderson. He chided her for this crookedness but she drew a revolver and threatened to blow his brains out if he didn't "shut his head." He shut it. He caught her again and this time she retaliated by driving him out of the house and keeping him out, appropriating to herself and her lovers his home and the farm. He appeared tearfully in court and detailed these wrongs, saying he dare not return home for fear of his life. There are five children, aged from one up to ten years.

MISS GREENLEAF, of Buncheon, Mo., is jealous of Miss Floyd and vice versa. At a party last week among the prizes drawn in a lottery for bon bons in a new parlor game a waggish young man managed to put up a ragged doll baby in the bundle intended for Miss Greenleaf. She attributed the trick to Miss Floyd and the next day when the two met at the depot they had a pitched battle, in which two sealskin sacs and two costly bonnets, together with much false hair, were utterly wrecked. The young men who finally separated the Amazons were severely punished and vow they would rather go into a cage filled with wild cats than to undertake the same job over again.

TOO MUCH FRENCH BALL.

A Choreographic Outbreak on an East River, N. Y., Ferryboat in the Small Hours.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The Frenchman in all his characteristic impetuosity may shout, "Le Demi Monde de Paris," or the Englishman with his natural stubbornness may rebut it with the assertion that there is no such place as his own dear London for "fast life." Paris and London may boast of their respective claims on this score, but without a doubt New York city in the eyes of all who have had an opportunity to judge has lately taken the cake. The last ball has gone a long way toward proving that New York is anything but slow. An exhibition was given on one of the East River ferryboats the morning after the Arion ball which would have convinced the most doubtful mind of the foregoing fact.

It was just drawing toward daybreak and the streets leading to the river were as still as death. Only the lamplighter was seen going his lonely route, extinguishing the lights. Old Trinity had just struck four when two cabs came driving down Fulton street through the ferry gates and on the boat. No sooner were the horses stopped than there alighted a party of young girls who evidently had had too much "French ball."

The handsome and picturesque costumes they wore did very little toward concealing their beautiful anatomy, while the happy mood they were in stifled prudery in that direction.

Inside the ladies' cabin the scene beggared description, another cab full of merry girls having arrived before the boat moved out of her dock. One clear cut little figure was perched on the seat trying to light a cigarette from the gas light, while she steadied herself holding on to a friend who was rigged to resemble a "Continental" of '76. Two other couples were dancing up and down the cabin executing the can can and various other choreographic calisthenics that made the two grinning deck hands as they looked in through the glass windows blush and feel something more than a pang of grief when the boat reached the Brooklyn shore and the party of merry masqueraders drove off homeward.

WHAT THE LADY ASKED THE BURGLAR.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A certain well known lady of New Orleans, La., recently found herself and family of little ones compelled to pass the night without the protection of a man in the house, her husband being in the North. Being a good shot she was not alarmed, however, but put her revolver handy when she retired at night. About midnight she heard a noise as if some one was trying to get into the house. She went softly on to the gallery, revolver in hand, and sure enough there was a man down at the window prying open the shutter with a long knife. After watching him for a moment, undecided what to do, knowing that if he chose she could kill him, she leaned over the railing and called out, "Shall I shoot you, sir?" The astounding question caused the man to stop work. He turned and looked up at her but made no pretense to run. She then fired at him, making so neat a shot that she knocked the revolver out of his hand with her bullet, and he retreated to the fence, where he insolently regarded her in the moonlight. The brave little woman not a whit discouraged then determined to show him that she could scare him if she pleased, so taking good aim she put a tiny bullet through the rim of his hat. In less time than can be told the would-be burglar was over the fence and out of sight.

A REVEREND ROMEO.

He Attempts Rape on One of the Flock, and has His Face Scratched.

A Pretty Choir Singer Blackens the Parson's Eye and has Him Locked up in the Station House.

The Rev. M. Finerty, D. D., was locked up in a police station in Chicago a couple of weeks ago on a charge of attempted rape preferred against him by Miss May Sheridan. The reverend gentleman is the pastor of the Methodist church of Mokena, Ill., and frequently exchanges pulpits with the parsons of Chicago. In one of these exchanges five years ago he made the acquaintance of Miss Sheridan, who was then singing in the choir of Trinity M. E. church on Wabash avenue, Chicago. He made a dead set for her at once according to her account. He took every means to get himself closeted with her. He went to her room to pray with her and talked with her about the communion of souls and the rapture of earthly saints and all that sort of emotional slush until she became alarmed and would not even pray with or see him alone. Still he went for her every year when he came to town with an alarming determination.

Finally his patience gave out, and he visited Chicago with a determination to have no more foolishness but to go right at his object. He called on the young woman on the 13th ult. at the residence of Mrs. A. Grow, where she was boarding. The reverend Romeo came equipped to conquer but he found his selected Juliet was not in the sort of flaming mood that would have suited him best. While he sat alone in the parlor with her, Mrs. Grow having gone into an adjoining room, he tried to steal his arm around Miss Sheridan's waist, but she wouldn't have it and arose from the sofa where they had both been sitting. Thus he lost his first chance but he returned to the charge more violently than ever and with disastrous results.

Miss Sheridan told the story quite graphically to a POLICE GAZETTE correspondent.

Said she: "The sanctimonious villain sat nearly two hours talking sentimental nonsense to me, mixed with religious cant. I got tired of hearing it and changed the subject. I began to talk about some of my friends and proposed to go to my room to get an album that contained their pictures. He followed me there without my knowledge. While I was searching in my trunk he came in, shut the door, seized me by the shoulders and threw me on the bed. Then he held a pillow on my face, smothering my cries while he got in too. I managed to release my head and screamed, at the same time scratching his face with my nails all I knew how. He got the pillow over my face again and almost smothered me, when Mrs. Grow burst the door open, rushed in and pulled him off. Then I arose and after I had recovered my breath I flew at him and hit him in the face several times, while Mrs. Grow seized the water pitcher and threatened to knock his brains out if he didn't leave at once."

The young lady's friends informed the pastor of her church of the attempted outrage and he, the Rev. F. M. Bristol, conferred with Rev. Dr. Caldwell, the presiding elder of the Joliet district, in which the Rev. Mr. Finerty's church is located, and together they called on the young lady and heard her story. This done they summoned Finerty before them and questioned him.

Said Mr. Caldwell: "Brother Finerty, what have you to say in reply to these terrible charges?"

Said Finerty: "It's a blackmailing scheme. I am innocent and repel the shameless accusation. If they take legal action I shall prove them blackmailers."

"But," put in the Rev. Mr. Bristol, "Brother Finerty, how did you come by those scratches on the side of your nose?"

"I ran against a stick." Thus Finerty.

"But your nose is scratched on both sides."

"It was a forked stick."

"You were in the lady's bedroom," said Dr. Caldwell.

"But she forced me to go," said Finerty.

Finerty unblushingly maintained that the outrage was committed on him and not on the lady.

"If she forced you," continued Dr. Caldwell, "how is it that she screamed?"

"It was I that screamed," protested Finerty. "I knew I was in the toils of a bad woman and I screamed for help. That Mrs. Grow, too, is a terrible woman. Beware of them both or they will ensnare you, too. I have known them to be bad for a long time."

"Then how came you to go there so often if you knew them to be bad?"

"I wanted them to repent of their ways. They are worldly and wicked."

Now this was exceedingly diaphanous, but the parsons in committee assembled decided to swallow his story this time about the young lady's attempt to ravish him, if he would go to her house and make an apology. Glad to get off so cheaply he agreed to do this.

Meantime Miss Sheridan had been prevailed on by her friends to swear out a warrant against the parson, and the officers were laying for him. He proceeds to the house, accompanied by Elder Caldwell and Rev. Mr. Bristol, and is about to begin his apology when enter Mrs. Grow with a rawhide which she lays vigorously across his face and about his shoulders. He runs howling to the street, only to fall into the hands of the officers who have a warrant for his arrest, and who run him off to the station house and lock him up in a dismal, narrow cell.

The Rev. Mr. Finerty was viewed, through the grated door of his cell by a reporter, an hour after his incarceration. He appeared a sharp-nosed, black eyed, not bad-looking man of decidedly clerical appearance, aged about 45, but his face was sadly scratched, his clerical coat was torn, his white tie crumpled and his general appearance was tattered. The finger-nails and the rawhide had left unmistakable marks.

He would not talk to the POLICE GAZETTE man beyond declaring that the affair was a mistake, and loftily declined to contribute his photograph for reproduction along with this report. Miss Sheridan is a bright, vivacious and interesting blond, of very attractive looks and manners. She will probably relent and let up on the parson, in dread of the scandal.

SLAUGHTERED BY HIS GUEST.

Patrick Corcoran of Bridgeport was fatally stabbed at his residence on the 23d inst. by John Haley, with a pocket knife, the blade piercing his heart and causing most instant death. Haley went to Bridgeport a few

days ago from Haddam, Conn., to attend the funeral of a friend. He had been stopping at Corcoran's house during his stay and drank freely. On the 21st inst., he was detained at the police station, having a touch of the delirium tremens. On the 23d, some friends started for home with him, but he jumped from the cars and went directly to Corcoran's house, where he remained during the night. In the morning he became noisy, and Corcoran endeavored to quiet him, when he plunged a knife into his heart. Corcoran was about 38 years of age. He leaves a widow and seven children, who depended on him for their support.

LILY GOES FOR FRANK.

She Doesn't Get Him, But Receives \$6,000 For Her "Mashed" Heart.

The danger of fooling with the determined young girl of Brooklyn, L. I., has another bold exemplification. On the 23d ult., Miss Lillian Degnan, of that city, began a suit for \$10,000 for a "mashed" heart, against young Frank De Veaux, the "masher" of the aforesaid organ. She, aged 18, says he has been visiting her at her father's house and promising her marriage, but has never kept his promise. He says he was only flirting and "fooling" with her. When she found out what was his little racket and tried to pull her love meshes tightly around him the young butterfly shook his wings clear and fluttered off to other flowers and gorged himself on their perfumes, leaving his Lily to languish and fade.

But after all, this special Lily didn't prove of the languishing sort. She didn't fade worth a cent. On the contrary she bloomed very freshly in a peppery epistle which she addressed to Frank's "pa," and in which she vented her feelings to the old maid in the following terms:

"BROOKLYN, April 3.
"HONORED SIR: Excuse the liberty I take in addressing these few lines to you, but circumstances over which I have no control compel me to. I suppose you will be surprised after you have read the contents of this letter, but what I have to say to you is the truth. It is concerning your son, Frank De Veaux, of whom I claim he has been keeping my company for over a year, and has visited my house of late steady for over two months. But this is not what I would like you to know. As for myself, I am a young lady not fully 18 years of age, and I am loved and esteemed by all who know me. As for Frank, I am sorry to say I cannot speak well of him. He has highly insulted me in every respect, and not only that, but has put me to a great deal of trouble, which I shall put into the hands of parties to make him suffer. But if he will come and settle matters with me, he will save himself a great deal of trouble. If not, I will put it in the hands of the law and expose him openly. As for my parents, I have not said a word, for my father is a man of means, and he would make a great deal of trouble for Frank. I will now conclude, hoping you will answer if you see fit. I remain yours, very respectfully.
"Miss L. L. DEGNAN, Brooklyn P. O."

The old man took no action, so Lily went for \$10,000 of his stamps in the Court of Common Pleas, and the jury gave her \$6,000.

THE OLD MAN'S DARLING.

[Subject of Illustration.]

She was young and fair, but she was wild and hoyden. She mashed the old millionaire and he was no coy one. He was up to snuff; he was old and tough; he'd been through the mill, you bet. He'd essayed the fair from everywhere, and hadn't been ruined yet. She went for him with all her vim, and on the fly he caught her. Mashed with her look, his pocketbook of funds she wrung like water; but he followed suit, this old galoot, for he was fly and nothing shorter. Well, Phryne bold, Adonis' gold quite smashed; and Adonis, he, quite gleefully, became masher instead of mashed. His wiles were conferred on her, and this old son of Satan, parades each day along Broadway, his triumph-sure a great one—for now does she, in act agree, he's boss this rich old bloke, and his great vice she thinks it nice to emulate, even to his daily stroll and smoke. To those who in philosophy indulge, it must appear remarkably clear, that in Gotham this woman's lost the bulge; for when they catch a tough old match, with creaking rheumatic joints, a tough nut he may chance to be, and able to give them points.

OSCAR WILDE'S RENAISSANCE.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Among the many aesthetic reforms of "too too" elaborate of the taste for the beautiful the refined burlesque feature has been hitherto the limit of the fun we work-a-day people of the world could find in the doings of the great aesthete and his followers. But the influence of the erratic Oscar seems to have permeated society even to its lower strata, if we may argue from a little episode that occurred in Taylor's Hotel, Jersey City, a week ago. A crooked person of the genus "bum," inspired with pride over certain angularities of figure and quaint graces of manner natural to him, hit upon the device of setting up for an aesthete. He succeeded in attracting attention and got along pretty well until he undertook to pass himself off to the fly hotel clerk as the genuine Wilde and ordered the best room in the house with the shrewd ulterior design of "standing up" mine host for the drinks in the cause of the renaissance. Then the bogus Oscar was fired, neck and heels, lily and all, and was left to pose in the gutter. He hobbled away minus his lily and feeling not exactly like a big sunflower, you may stake your little pile on it.

THE SHADOW OF THE GIBBET.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Among the gifts the assassin Guitau has received from the outside world, have been several miniature gibbets. The other night one of his jailers looking in through his cell door, saw him examining one of these by the light of a candle on a stool. The shadow of the gallows fell on the wall of the dungeon, forming the curious effect our artist pictures: a forecast of the doom which the ignoble butcher is nearing every day.

YOUNG STICKNEY'S CLOSE CALL.

The Harvard College young man, Charles W. Stickney, who has enthused Denver, Col., in his behalf while undergoing trial for shooting M. T. Campau, the seducer of his wife, was acquitted by the jury on the 24th ult. Stickney had the support of a large delegation of Harvard College men who put up their money freely and worked like beavers in his defense. To them he owes his life.

A BUNCH OF HORRORS.

A Five Days' Record of Bloody Crimes and Outrages.

At Portland, Oregon, August Angus, an Austrian, knocked down one Garbarino, an Italian, with whom he was playing pool. As Garbarino was rising, the Austrian drew a pistol and fired four bullets through his head. The deed had no justifying or provoking cause, and Angus is pretty sure of the attentions of Judge Lynch.

Four men attacked Jack Gribble, a ferryman, at Rock Island, Tenn., one day last week because he refused to ferry them across the river when it was high and dangerous. In the melee he was stabbed by each of the four, and Billy Carpenter, one of the four, snapped a pistol in his face. Jack wrenched the pistol from him, shot him through the heart and put the three others to flight. His act was declared justifiable.

MAY MASH, aged 30, living with her husband and his mother in Lancaster, Pa., had an attack of malarial fever which left her temporarily insane, but it was supposed harmless. One day last week her husband went out to his work, and a few hours after the neighbors were astonished to see Mrs. Mash parading around the neighborhood with her hands dyed in blood. She said she had killed the old woman, and when the neighbors went into the house they found she had.

SOUTH PUEBLO, Colorado, claims with some reason that it is a lively town. Here's one of the proofs of its friskiness: At 2 A. M. on the 12th ult., a colored waiter belonging to the Victoria Hotel, met city marshal J. P. Desmond, and complained that he (the coon) and his lady love, had been insulted by Policeman John Connor. Desmond reproved Connor, who talked back. Then the two drew their guns and began to shoot. The policeman received two bullets in the leg and the marshal was grazed twice.

A NOVEL den of iniquity has been discovered on the outskirts of St. Louis, Mo. It was found that a party of novel-reading boys from sixteen to eighteen years of age, had made their home in an abandoned hut situated in a lonely and romantic spot outside of the city, where they were in the habit of kidnapping young girls of from 12 to 16, and keeping them prisoners for the gratification of their lust, several of them having been prisoners for months, being fed by members of the gang who brought in food to them from the city from day to day. One of these girls, Lulu Potter, aged 13, is held by the police as a witness against the boys, on a charge of a rape which has been preferred against them. The authorities are in hot pursuit of the entire gang.

It was 2 A. M., and Wyman, the butcher of Yankton, Dakota, was getting into the lower notes of his basso profundo snore. A window was raised and a burglar tumbled in. Wyman started to his feet and thus accoutred as he was in only a shirt, went for that burglar. They punched, they pounded, they whacked, they thumped, they backheeled, they gouged, they slugged all over the shop, and out of the door to the street, where Wyman got his man in chancery and was putting in his big licks. Along comes Police Captain Belk. "Take this thief off!" cries the burglar. The captain hauls Wyman off and drives him into his shop at the point of his pistol, and only learns he has got the wrong man when the burglar is half a mile away and lost in the dark. You should have heard that butcher swear.

RECRUITING FOR SIN'S ARMY.

How the Procureuses of New York Seek New Stars for Their Tainted Heavens Among the Working Girls.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A portly female arrayed in a sealskin dolman to her heels and with her blonde wig rooted in with a Gainsborough hat, descended from the elevated road at the United States hotel with a GAZETTE reporter. In the hallway she met another female who might have been her twin sister as far as costume went. The pair exchanged a profuse greeting, and the fine carat solitaires in their ears radiated a blaze of splendor as their heads bobbed together in the regulation kiss. It would have been evident to even less experienced eyes than the reporter's that the authors of these amenities belonged to a class more familiar to the police courts than the prayer meetings of the metropolis and that the glories of the attire they flaunted bore the taint of shame.

One of the women consulted a watch encrusted with diamonds and led the way to the street. They crossed Fulton street, where one halted at the corner. The other passed on to the opposite side of Water street where she likewise halted. The passers-by cast curious glances at them but they did not flinch. They held their posts with the air of having a reason for doing so.

In a few minutes the shrill voices of many whistles announced that it was twelve o'clock. From the doorway of a tobacco factory near by a couple of girls came out. They carried several tin cans into a neighboring coffee and cake shop, passing one of the waiting women, who eyed them closely. They were ordinary looking girls, in the shabby brown-stained attire of tobacco strippers. After them appeared a very pretty girl of sixteen, with an attempt at coquettishness in her cheap dress. She passed the second woman, who addressed a remark to her. The girl started and the woman put a card in her hand, which she slipped into her pocket as she hurried away.

By this time the girls were pouring out of the factory door in a steady stream. With a number of them, always the best looking, it was to be seen the women repeated substantially the same performance the reporter had already noted. At half-past twelve the pair went away up Fulton street, leaving the girls gathered on steps and in doorways eating their lunches and talking. Several of them were comparing the cards which they had received. The reporter approached one of these groups and after considerable persuasion induced a pretty blonde German girl to exhibit her paste board to him. It bore the address of one of the most noted procureuses on Twenty-seventh street.

"Do you know what that card means?" asked the reporter.

"The lady asked me to come and see her," replied the girl after a moment's hesitation.

"What did she say to you?"

"She said," replied the girl slowly and with her eyes on the sidewalk, "that I ought to be doing better than stripping tobacco for a living and if I came to her she would show me how."

"And do you know what she means?"

The girl cast a stealthy glance at the reporter and commenced to cry. Several of her companions gathered around her and took her away, assailing the scribe with indignant glances and intimating in vigorous English that he had better mind his own business. The policeman at the corner stopped him as he walked off.

"Have you been giving the girls a steer about the madams?" he asked. "I thought so. Why, they nearly blackguarded the buttons off my coat the other day because I wanted 'em not to have anything more to do with them. It's an outrage. The women have been coming down here about once a week these three months or so and every time they come you find a couple of the girls leaving the factory. There was a girl there last summer, one of the prettiest little things you ever saw. Her brother works in the market. She was almost the first one them women pitched on and her brother told me yesterday that she's been in a place up-town this five weeks and won't come home. Every now and then one of the girls comes down here all rigged out in sealskins and diamonds and then there's a flutter among the other girls and one or two of them disappear. Probably the same women you have noticed have visited other places in the same way. They pick out tobacco factories because the girls who work in them are numerous enough to pick and choose from and because the business itself is an unpleasant one and any girl employed in it is glad to get the chance to better herself even if it brings ultimate ruin on her. I have spoken to several employers about it but they say they can do nothing. One indeed offered to have the woman arrested if she did not stay away but when it came to the point he refused to keep his word. The women not only tempt the girls themselves but after they have got one of them into their clutches they use her to tempt the others. They dress her up, cover her with diamonds, fill her half full of champagne and give her money to treat her friends with and she does more harm in a day than they could in a month, for she can poison the mind of any girl she gets hold of and she does it."

MIXED FACTS AND FANCIES.

Odds and Ends of News, Gossip and Scandal From All Sources.

MONTREAL is excited over the revelations made lately that the medical students of St. Joseph's have been robbing the cemetery vaults. During the third week in February two bodies were stolen from St. Augustine and four from St. Vincent de Paul cemeteries, and the police have been searching for them in vain. It is said that one firm of body-snatchers in Montreal has a contract to furnish "stiffs" to medical colleges in Boston, Philadelphia and Newark. Last week the police managed to find two of the lately stolen bodies in the residence, but before the relatives could get them back they were obliged to pay \$50 to the students for their trouble in having stolen them. That's the Montreal way. This side of the border those students would either have to get a good start out of town ahead of the enraged citizens or they would find themselves in the air playing "jumping jack" with their feet while the mob pulled the rope.

JAKE RANSON, employed in Chicago as agent of the Osborne reaper company, started on the night of the 10th ult., for his home in Hinsdale, but was found the next morning dead in the road near the town. There were signs of a struggle, his clothing was torn and he had been robbed. What puzzled the police, though, was the fact that on rolling the body over it was found that his clothes were on fire and smoldering brightly as if a spark from a pistol fired very close to the body had ignited the woollen goods. But the clothing, they say, could not have been smoldering all night and made no further progress than was noted when the discovery was made. How to account for the mystery, then? It seems one of those things that no fellow can find out.

OLD Aunt Clara Brown, who went to Denver, Col., in 1836, has just found her child, Eliza Jane, who was sold to a slave trader thirty years ago when eight years old. The missing planniny is in Council Bluffs, and the Denver folks raised a purse to send her old "mammy" (aged 75) to her.

THE Boston forger, Winslow, has been heard from. He is lying on the fat of the land in Buenos Ayres, has married a young, beautiful and wealthy lady of the country (although he has a wife and children in Boston) and is a member of the Methodist church. That settles it. Moral: Steal a fortune and go to Buenos Ayres.

PHILADELPHIA has almost gone into "convulsion fits" over the fact that the terms of imprisonment of over fifty pickpockets, burglars and knucks of all descriptions expired in Pennsylvania during the last fortnight in February. Such an addition as that to her population may well make the Quaker City squeal.

AFTER the conviction of Ellis, Neal and Craft, the Ashland, Ky., murderers, there turns up a sapient detective who says he has a clue that justifies the suspicion that they are not guilty at all, but that the young women Thomas and Gibbons were ravished and murdered by negroes. Too thin, and not half dramatic enough, Hawkshaw.

A PATRIOTIC AND POETIC CRANK.

The Andre Monument Mutilated on Washington's Birthday.

A strange young man appeared at Tappan on the Hudson on the evening of Washington's birthday, inquiring his way to the Andre monument, which was erected by Cyrus W. Field on the spot where the English spy and pal of Benedict Arnold was captured. He was a gentlemanly, mild spoken young man and being directed to the granite obelisk which glorifies the Englishman went his way, leaving a good impression behind him. When the Tory citizens of Tappan awoke the next morning they found the monument chipped and mutilated with a stone cutter's chisel and a small American flag waving gayly above it. This was the work of the smooth-tongued, patriotic young man who had also left on the monument three smoothly written verses to the effect that he who dares to erect another monument of the kind on "fair Columbia's breast" shall dangle from the summit of the monument aforesaid. The people of Tappan are wild over the mutilation and are going to offer a reward for the capture of the patriotic and poetic crank. Mr. Field says he will repair the monument. The next time probably the cranks will get at it with dynamite and put it beyond repair, for there is a bitter feeling in the metropolis against it and the spirit that suggested its erection.



AFTER THE MASKED BALL IS OVER.

HOW ARION'S MERRYMAKERS CARRIED THE FESTIVAL ON ON THEIR OWN ACCOUNT, AND MADE THE SMALL HOURS LIVELY ON AN EAST RIVER BOAT: NEW YORK CITY.



"TICKET, SIR? NOW THEN, GIVE THE OLD LADY A PEEP AT THE BOYS!"

THE SHOCKING INVITATION EXTENDED TO TWO EMINENT MEMBERS OF A HIGH-TONED CONGREGATION WHO HAD TO PASS THE MADISON SQUARE GARDEN ON THE OPENING NIGHT OF THE GREAT WALKING MATCH.



SHE WAS A DEAD SHOT.

A MARRIED BELLE OF NEW ORLEANS SCARES OFF A DESPERATE BURGLAR BY SHOOTING HIS PISTOL FROM HIS HAND.



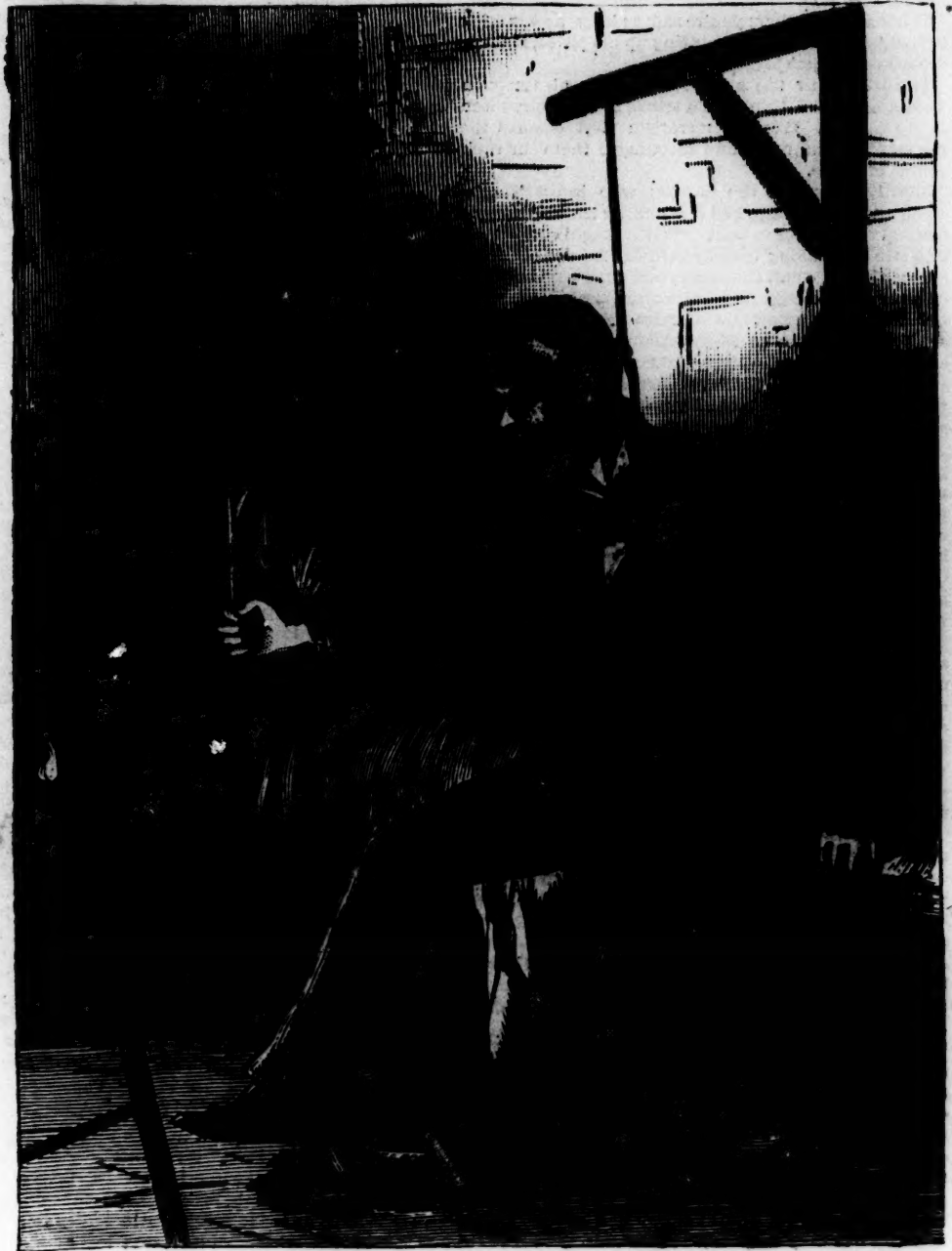
AN OLD MAN'S DARLING.

A GAY BELLE APPEARS ON BROADWAY, NEW YORK, IN LOVING Imitation OF THE OLD COVE'S VICES.



LABIAL LEGAL TENDER.

HOW A GAY NEW YORK GIRL PAID HER CHINESE LAUNDRYMAN WHEN THE FUNDS RAN OUT.



THE SHADOW OF FATE.

ONE OF THE CHARACTERISTIC AND APPROPRIATE PRESENTS MADE TO GUTTEAU BY HIS NUMEROUS ENEMIES.

DEEDS OF DESPERADOES.

A Detective's Experience Among the Cowboy Bandits of Arizona.

Daring Enterprises, Outrages and Terrorism of Noted Leaders of the Band.

"The most desperate criminals are the cowboys of Texas," said Captain J. B. Hume, chief of detectives in the employ of Wells, Fargo & Co. A POLICE GAZETTE reporter on his way to the great prize fight met the captain in St. Louis and in a half hour's conversation gleaned some interesting news concerning the late depredations of these desperadoes and their methods of operation. The captain has many adventures to relate. In January he had been in Texas and was on his way to Tombstone, Arizona. He took the first stage from Benson to the latter place. Within four miles of its destination the stage was stopped by an armed band who commanded the passengers to come out. Hume had taken off one boot and was delaying to put it on and collect his thoughts, but a revolver placed beside his head accelerated his movements, so he got out with the boot in his hand. He saw then that there were only three robbers and one of them was the hostler at the last stage, who had been riding beside the driver all the way. The whole party was robbed without a shot being fired.

Right after this the stage that left Tombstone for Bisbee was filled with rich passengers and money packages and Wells, Fargo & Co. thought it advisable to arm all hands and send a mounted guard or scout ahead. This scout had not gone three miles out before he descried a party of five mounted men ahead all armed. They were ranged across the road facing him and were evidently waiting for the stage. Recognizing them as cowboys he fired a shot to warn the passengers in the stage behind him. The cowboys returned the fire and went for him. He held his ground until he had fired thirteen of his sixteen shots and the assailants found their position so hot that they retreated to the brush for shelter. A consultation with the passengers resulted in a determination to return to Tombstone. The stage turned back but had gone only a quarter of a mile when a band of cowboys was seen to gallop out into the road, cutting off the retreat. A volley was delivered, killing one of the stage horses and wounding the scout's horse.

One of the cowboys shouted to the driver to get down from his seat and approach them. He did so and on reaching them was informed that unless the passengers got out and walked three hundred yards away, thus abandoning the stage to them, the whole party would be murdered.

It was evident that the robbers meant business so the passengers obeyed orders and the stage was left to be rifled by them. All the robbers were masked but one. This one approached the driver.

"Do you think you would know me if you saw me again?" he inquired.

"Oh, yes," replied the Jehu, "you're not disguised. I'd be sure to know you again."

"Think again," said the brigand, cocking his revolver and holding it to the other's head. "Do you really think you would recognize me?"

"Well," stammered the driver, "come to think of it I don't think I would. I never saw you in my life and I'll never know you."

"That settles it then; you're safe as long as you stick to that," said the cowboy, putting up his pistol, and the robbed passengers jogged on.

The driver saw the same robber several times in Tombstone but nothing could tempt him to betray him to the Captain. It is this terrorism that ensures the desperadoes immunity and encourages them in their course of crime.

Shortly before this the bandits who infest Tombstone and its vicinity had dug pits by the roadside to conceal themselves in and when a stage containing treasure came along they opened fire from their cover, brought down all the horses and got away at their leisure with the treasure box and the passenger's money. The Captain said that Cochise County, in which are situated the towns of Tombstone, Benson, Bisbee and Contention, is the stronghold of the robbers for the reason that all the inhabitants fear and harbor them rather than incur their enmity and face the almost absolute certainty of cruel murder.

Even the sheriff of the county, the detective says, is in with the cowboys and has got to be or his life would not be worth a farthing. The robbers are picked desperadoes, excellent horsemen and dead shots from Colorado and Texas. There are five brothers from Texas, however, who have sworn vengeance on the outlaws. One of these is the chief of police of Tombstone, who is now confined to his house suffering from gunshot wounds inflicted by his sworn enemies.

The boldness of the cowboys is instanced in their attempt only a short time since to assassinate the mayor of Tombstone as he was riding in his carriage on the outskirts of the town. A volley of rifle shots riddled the coach, but none of them hit him. The mayor is their implacable foe and they wanted to get rid of him. He is now in Washington trying to get the Federal government to begin a campaign with the regular troops against the brigands.

Curly Bill, a desperado whose portrait was published in the POLICE GAZETTE several weeks since, is viewed with terror in Cochise county. His escapades and outrages have been numberless. There is nothing he dares not do and everyone is afraid of him. Terrorism has gone so far in his case that he has forced the citizens to make him a deputy sheriff, and as a representative of the law he performs deeds that are astounding to the law and order loving citizens of the more densely populated sections of the country.

Some of the stories the Captain tells of Curly Bill are startling. One night about a year ago, finding Tombstone an unpleasant residence in consequence of a murder he had committed there (he was acquitted by a jury packed with cowboys) he went to Charleston, a short distance from that town. It was night when he and a pal arrived and a Mexican fandango was in progress. They entered the ball room and each placed his back against the door at either end of the apartment. Then they drew their pistols.

"Stop!" cried he.

Everyone knew the desperate character of the men and stopped as commanded.

"Strip, every one of you!" shouted Bill.

They did so without hesitation.

"Strike up the music; now then, dance."

And men and women in a state of perfect nudity were made to dance madly for an hour at the point of the desperado's pistol. The next day was Sunday

and Bill and his friend, still on their spree, fired up with whiskey, entered the church just after the services had commenced. They drew their pistols as they stalked up the middle aisle and commanded the minister's attention. He knew his men and he gave it. So did the congregation and they were as still as mice.

Then said Bill: "You're a pious sort of man, I've been told, but I want to test it. You just think of the Saviour while my bazoo works and pay a little attention to me."

The minister replied that he was going to be all attention to what the gentleman had to say.

"Stand still," said Bill, "if you move a peg this congregation will be without a gospel sharp."

Then the two ruffians began firing, grazing the parson's shoulder and head and filling the wall back of him with bullets. He bore it without flinching, however. This pleased Bill.

"Your piety is the right sort," said he, "you've shown us you chewed the Bible to good advantage. If you don't climb up to the front rows in the good place it's because all the seats are filled. Now step down on the floor, my pious friend, and we'll have the doxology."

The parson stepped down.

"Now dance a jig."

"I can't," said the parson.

"Do your best," said Bill.

He danced and Bill was satisfied.

"Now go back," said he, "I'm satisfied your piety's the right sort. You can go right ahead with your gospel chit."

The Captain said that such outrages as those quoted and even worse are of frequent occurrence and when there are full three hundred cowboys banded together as desperate and reckless as Curly Bill there is nothing short of the interference of the government with a large force appointed to sweep the bandits and ruffians from the earth that will ensure peace and happiness in the bandit-ridden Cochise County of Arizona.

HOW SHE PAID HER WASH BILL.

John Counts "Thirty Pieces" and Demands "Hundred Kisses."

[Subject of Illustration.]

Your placid, mild-eyed Chinaman is no slouch in affairs of the heart. If you pick him up for such you'll get badly left. He has a tinge of romance in him, too, and an appreciation of the emotional as well as "Mediterranean." He can, too, when occasion requires mingle business with pleasure in a way that is almost Caucasian. For instance, the other day one of those fair but frail beauties whom one sees at the fashionable beer saloons at shopping hours laying for mashes having had bad luck for a couple of weeks, and tapering off with a very expensive orgy with her young man, who of course was never created to work and could not be expected to produce, found herself unable to pay her Chinese laundryman for an immense wash, partly hers and partly her lover's. In this strait she relied on her beauty and her wheedling ways to bamboozle the Mongolian. She offered him his hieroglyphic memorandum of thirty pieces and proposed to hang it up. He wouldn't have it, though.

"No sabe hang," said John. In vain she protested that she had no money but that she was honest and when her remittance should come in a day or two she would pay him in full. After an hour's talk without result she was about to leave in a rage when a light stole over the saffron face of John and his almond eyes began to bulge.

"John no sabe that," said he, "John sabe kissee."

"Sabe what?" cried the angry siren.

"Kissee—me take out in kissee."

"Ah," she gasped, jumping at the idea, "take it out in kissee? Very well, how much a kissee?"

"Five cent kissee. Thirty pieces—five dollar." Then after the careful telling over of the beads of his calculating machine "hundred kissee, billee callee q'ware."

"All right," said she, "I'll pay cash on the spot. There's five cents."

She opened payment with a kiss over the counter and John's assistants looked on with astonishment at the spectacle of the fair but easy-mannered damsel sitting on the lap of the laundryman paying off her debt languidly. When the POLICE GAZETTE man left the sixty-eighth five cents had rattled against the gums of the Mongolian and he seemed to think he had at last found a substitute for a discounted opium.

BELLA CLAIMS HER "PA."

But "Pa" Won't Have It and Says She is a Blackmailer.

Miss Bella English, a beautiful young lady of Cincinnati, the adopted daughter of an old farmer named Peter Knicely, has made the hunt for her real parents the aim of her life. In 1879 the Knicely couple got information on this subject that pointed as they thought to a wealthy pair, Mr. and Mrs. Clement L. English of Cincinnati, as the parents. The adopted parents then sued the alleged real ones for \$5,000 for Miss Bella's board, care and education and Mr. English compromised the case for \$400 but would have, nothing to do with the poor girl. The adopted parents were satisfied with this but she was not.

On inquiry she learned the full story as follows: In 1831 after Mr. English had been married to his wife only three months, he took her to a notorious secret lying-in establishment on a farm a few miles out from Cincinnati, kept by a woman named McIlrion. He told this woman that he and his wife had been living too fast and he wished the birth of the child to be kept a profound secret. Bella was born and left there by her parents and the Knicelys adopted her. A few weeks ago the girl called on Mrs. English at her residence and claimed her rights as a daughter. The old lady kissed her and cried bitterly but Mr. English denied the relationship and denounced the girl as an impostor and blackmailer. Bella intends to fight for her rights with legal weapons. The case has aroused great interest in Cincinnati, where the reputation of all parties stands high.

A STOLEN CHILD.

[With Portrait.]

What promises to be another Charlie Ross case is exciting Commonwealth, Wisconsin. On November 1, a very bright and handsome little boy named Willie W. Dickinson, aged six years, was lost or stolen from the front of his parents' residence in the town named above, and no trace of whether he has gone or what has become of him has yet been found. The child's father offers a reward of \$3,000 for his recovery, or for such information as will enable him to trace the boy, whether alive or dead. Willie has blue eyes, light hair, bright pleasant manners, is large for his age, has lost one tooth from his lower jaw, and was well clad when taken from his home.

THE DEVIL'S OWN.

Some Deeds in which Satan Does Not Conceal His Agency.

At Lancaster, Pa., a month ago, William Austin, a sturdy young fellow of 25, married and settled (and it is now said outraged) his wife, Baby Jane. He was tried and sentenced to be hanged on April 13, only twenty days after the discovery of the crime and his execution.

Three months ago, Victor Elliott, an Italian, residing in New Orleans eloped with a young French nurse girl and married. On the 23d ult., he met her in the street while she was wheeling a baby carriage for her mistress and plunged a dirk into her bosom mortally wounding her. Jealousy was the cause.

SCENE—Near Centerville, Texas. Two negroes named Hall, and their wives, riding along the road in a wagon. A small white boy named Lyle fires stones and is lashed with a whip. Boy runs home and tells his father, who takes his shot gun, rides ahead of the party and conceals himself by the roadside. Negroes drive by and white man fires, almost blowing the heads off the two men and fatally wounding their wives. The murderer escapes, and officers mount their horses for a fruitless hunt.

A PARTY of vigilantes at Tombstone, Arizona, held a meeting on the 14th ult., and concluded that a horse thief and desperado named Ellis, living twenty miles out of town had lived long enough and started out to hang him. He was warned and mounting a swift horse made off. They chased him twenty miles, when his horse fell dead and he was brought to bay. He fought desperately and shot two of the committee, and was wounded himself. When his ammunition gave out they closed in and hanged the wretch, who was already bleeding to death from several fatal wounds.

Two ruffians of Bloomington, Ill., named McHugh and Von Egidy have been in the habit of lying in ambush nights, pouncing on unprotected girls passing through the streets, dragging them into a stable of which they had the keys and outraging them. The police were summoned to the place one night a week ago by a woman's scream and found two young girls named Edith Hale and Kittie Norton. They had been dragged into the den of the ruffians and Miss Hale had been outraged, but Miss Norton had resisted and screamed so violently that the police were brought to her rescue before her assailant could accomplish his purpose. The men were arrested.

A DESPERATE character named Joseph Biddlecomb, is on trial at Salt Lake city, charged with the murder of a comrade named Charles Jansen. The latter disappeared from the town of Tooele where he lived, on Nov. 26, 1878. In the February following, a man out gunning in the woods noticed that his dog was sniffing at a rag sticking from the ground. Investigation proved this rag to be the waistband of a pair of pantaloons, and when the Coroner had been summoned and had dug up the festering mass below, he announced that he had the remains of Jansen. There was a bullet hole in the head, and Biddlecomb was arrested. Several of his pals came forward when his trial was begun, on the 17th ult., and testified that the accused had confessed the murder to them shortly after its commission. The prisoner rushed at one of the witnesses who had made these statements, a man named Samuel Siler, as he was leaving the court room and dealt him a blow on the back of the head that knocked him from the top to the bottom of a flight of stairs. It took all the officers in the court to subdue the desperate ruffian in his paroxysm of rage.

THE WOMAN IN TROUSERS.

Jennie Westbrook's Masquerade—Its Profits and Designs.

[With Illustration and Portrait.]

In last week's issue of the POLICE GAZETTE we detailed the case of a young woman who was arrested in the Bowers a couple of weeks ago for having passed herself off as a man for a year or two, going so far even as to find employment in a dry goods store as a clerk. We present the portrait and illustration of the clerk's methods of business this week. The face is a peculiarly hard and un feminine one, and the air of the creature is the reverse of womanly. Her name is Jennie Westbrook.

It is alleged of her that she graduated a full-fledged man, on the plea that she can earn a larger salary in trousers than she can in petticoats. Several soft-hearted and very verdant old gentlemen have been interesting themselves in her behalf since she was sentenced to six months' imprisonment on the island, and on the 21st ult. they managed to get her freed by Judge Donahue of the Supreme Court. Detective Adams, who has done good service in this case had the hybrid creature re-arrested on the charge of perjury and she was again committed to the Tombs. The detective scouts the idea advanced by the man-woman that she disguised herself simply to increase her income by legitimate work. He has seized on the creature's correspondence, and there is more behind the case than appears on the surface. Mr. Howe, the counsel for him, her or it, got the second case summarily dismissed, and the creature is free.

HOW SHE PLAYED PEDRO.

Scandalous Revelations in a Divorce Suit Between the Wealthy Pedro Montells and His Wife.

[With Portrait.]

A cross suit for divorce between a rich Spaniard, Pedro Montells and his wife, Emma F. Montells, is now in progress in New York City, and there is some stir in good circles. The husband alleges that his wife has committed adultery at various times with a man named Thomas I. Madge. The wife denies and retorts that her husband is another. He then defends himself, saying that she condoned his adultery in consideration of the title of two houses belonging to him being transferred to her. Witnesses swore that Mrs. M. was in the habit of throwing a latch key out of her window to a man in the street, who would pick it up and let himself in. This man, they also swore, was Thomas I. Madge. Thereupon Mr. Madge arose in court and in a fury declared that the witnesses were liars and made such other demonstrations as required the efforts of court officers to suppress. James Graham was one of the witnesses for Mr. Montells; that he had been employed by him to watch the movements of Thomas I. Madge, the burly English merchant whom he all along suspected of committing adultery with his wife, but whom he had tried in vain to catch at it. This detective testified that he had seen Madge go into the house in which Mrs. Montells lived, in K-e-p street, Williams-

burg, L. I. that he saw Madge sitting at a window of the house in his shirt sleeves, and saw Mrs. Montells approach him, pat him on the head, kiss him, and take a seat on his lap. The counsel for the defence claimed that he could prove his client "as pure as snow," and her husband everything that he had accused her of being. They say this case is full of richness, and that the worst is to come yet. As far as it has gone though, it is already a veritable *bonne bouche* for the society gossip.

RUNAWAY MATCHES.

Elopements Prompted by Love's Young Dream and by the Nightmares of Married Life.

THE elopement market began lively this year, and during February continued to maintain its gait. A week ago a young man eloped from Evansville, Ind., with his grandfather's second wife. "A man may not marry his grandmother?" says he, with his thumb to his nose and his fingers twirling. "Well, I guess yes, if she's only eighteen, like this one."

At Ottumway, Ia., Mrs. Esta C. Carnahan, aged 22, "tall, graceful, slender, with large lustrous black eyes," eloped a fortnight since with her father-in-law, aged 55. Score one for the old man.

THE Rev. Jesse Way, of Wabash, Ind., eloped with his daughter-in-law.

FREDERICK and Louise Ranchmann met in Vandalla, Ill., eloped and were married. A week after they learned that they were brother and sister, and the bridegroom thrashed the man who dispelled his dream of love by giving him the information.

MISS EDNA BOYCE, of Almonie, Ont., being engaged to marry Peter McGregor, ran away with his brother William on the wedding day.

Mrs. FRYE eloped from Unionville, O., leaving a note for her husband, advising him to get a divorce and marry a certain widow, who she was sure would be good to "the seven small Frys" she left behind.

WM. F. MARTIN, under sentence of death in the jail of LaCade County, Missouri, "mashed" Maggie Wilson, the sheriff's niece. She brought him the key of the jail and the pair eloped.

J. J. OAKS ran away with and married the daughter of Rev. W. P. R. Newberry, of Elk Valley, Ky., but was pursued so closely by the old man with a shot gun that he had to kill his father-in-law to ensure a peaceful honeymoon.

Mrs. AUGUSTA HOLZ, of Wolf Creek, Pa., aged 45, abandoned by two living husbands, fell in love with Willie Ryan, aged 14. His parents objecting to the match she eloped with him.

SCOOPING IN A SAINT.

The Salt Lake Daughters of Zion Ring in a Cold Deck on the Bishop.

The social events of Mormonism are not usually very lively, the tyranny of the saints having heretofore been effective in repressing the cussedness of women in that domain, but the young women of their new generation are a peg or two ahead of the old fogies who think they wear the aureoles of wisdom and saintliness about their hoary heads in those parts, as the following from the Salt Lake Tribune avouches:

Some of the old saints who can't hug the young girls of Zion in balls, and have abolished round dances in consequence, have invented a new kind of pedro which gives them more of a chance. They start card parties at the evening socials and whenever any body catches any body else pedro, the party winning has a right to kiss the other five times. The game is played with an equal division of the sexes, and it is rare fun for the old elders of Israel. The other evening old Bishop—fixed up a pack of cards with nine pedros and started a game right in among some of the prettiest girls in the ward. It happened, however, that the girls anticipated his little game and had a pack already without any pedros in it. They rung in the cold deck on the old squire and started the game. The old fellow made some big bids, expecting to capture some pedros, and got set back on the board every time. All this time the girls kept exclaiming: "Oh, ain't this a nice game; so exciting." After playing an hour the old fellow didn't see the color of a single pedro, and the glances and giggles of the girls led him to suspect that the daughters of Zion were rather getting the best of him. He finally got so far off the board that he was, comparatively speaking, out of sight, and finally gave up the place to a young man who was seated near by watching the game. In a twinkling the girls transposed the jacks again and for the next two hours the rounds of smacks that young man won could be heard all over the room. The old bishop, who began to drop to himself, was the maddest man in all the land and is now putting up a job to find out the girl who changed those jacks, and cut her off from the church.

A "SUCKER" LANDED.

A Guileless Maiden of the Metropolis Scoops in a Western Lothario.

The latest variation of the New York siren's school-girl racket for the catching of "suckers" from the country and elsewhere is reported in the experience of a Cincinnati merchant had last week. He stopped at the Fifth Avenue Hotel and one Saturday afternoon as he was standing in front of its door his eye fell on a gushing, girlish little thing going home from a matinee, for she had a play bill and a lorgnette in her hand, under the care of a servant, a nurse's cap. The Cincinnati man caught a glance of the girl's roguish eye and followed. One block they had passed up Fifth avenue when a rough chap came around the corner and spoke to the girl. She shrunk away and appealed to the merchant for protection, saying she had been insulted. The black nurse said it was the young lady's fault for flirting. She exchanged glances with the merchant again and he was neatly led on. His invitation to step into Koster & Bial's saloon was accepted and the gushing young thing drank so much wine that she pretended to be overcome and was afraid to go home.

Then the negro woman was bribed with a twenty-dollar gold piece to keep quiet and to take the young lady to her, the negro woman's, sister's house near by to sleep off the fumes of the wine. The Cincinnati after much persuasion was permitted to accompany her. This was at 6 P.M. At midnight he appeared at a police station complaining that he had been robbed by the innocent young thing, who had skipped with his watch and a bundle of about \$450. He gave a false name and the next morning pointed for Cincinnati by an early train without waiting to prosecute his little dear. He wasn't quite so wicked as he thought he was that time.

THE PRIZE RING.

Never, since the international passage at arms between Tom Sayers, of England, and John C. Heenan, the Benecia Boy, the American champion, in 1860, on the historical field at Farnborough, was there so much interest manifested over a prize fight as there was between the recent great match between John L. Sullivan (now the champion of the world) and Paddy Ryan, the ex-champion of America, although nearly four weeks has elapsed since the gladiatorial combat of the land of beans and the Trojan giant met in the 24-foot ring at Mississippi City. The result of the battle is still being discussed and argued by sporting men all over the country, and both the new and the old champion are feted and lionized in every town and city they stop at.

Ryan left New York recently for Troy, N. Y., en route to Chicago. Prior to his departure Richard K. Fox, the proprietor of the POLICE GAZETTE, informed him that when he recruited and was ready to fight he would post \$1,000 with Harry Hill and match him to fight Sullivan again for the championship of the world. Ryan said he had not made up his mind whether he would fight again or not, but there is every probability that the ex-champion will again try to win back the laurels he lost so easily and so unexpectedly.

Ryan will be allowed two weeks to decide whether he will again face the champion in the squared arena, and should he decide not to do so Richard K. Fox will produce an Unknown whom he will back against John L. Sullivan to fight according to the new rules of the London Prize Ring, four months from signing articles, for \$2,500 a side and the championship of the world. Who the Unknown is the POLICE GAZETTE intends to parade will be a mystery for a week or two, but the public can rest assured that the POLICE GAZETTE champion will enter the race "well booted and spurred" and be eager for the fray.

Sullivan, the champion, since the great battle, has been giving a series of exhibitions. At Chicago, recently, Sullivan was interviewed by a News reporter, and we publish it:

"Do I think Paddy Ryan a game man?" said John L. Sullivan the hero of Mississippi City, as he stood among fifty of the fancy, including Billy Madden, Pete McCoy, and Parson Davies, in Mike McDonald's store. Of course I do. No man ever yet took off his shirt to fight in a ring unless he was a game man, for he knows very well what he is going to get."

"Some of the newspapers said that Ryan looked terror-stricken as soon as he laid eyes on you. Is that true?"

"Not at all. Ryan did very well until I struck him once or twice, and after that he was dazed—I may say about half crazy."

"Is it true that there was not a body-blow struck during the whole fight?"

"Yes, that is a fact; there wasn't one."

"Do you think Ryan's nose is broken?"

"I do not. It was that blow on the nose that split his lip and knocked him down; but I don't think it broke his nose."

"Some of the newspapers represent that Ryan was whipped by being knocked out of his senses until after time was called, by your last blow, and that that blow was delivered on the neck. Is that true?"

"No, that is a mistake. On the last round I fought him down. He fell all in a heap from a succession of blows on his head, not from any particular one of them. His strength was overcome and exhausted."

"How did you feel when Ryan struck you that blow on the left eye?"

"He didn't strike me there with his fist. That black eye came from his falling toward me from weakness, and striking me with his head. In fact, he struck me no blows on my face. His blows all fell on the back of my head, which was much better for me."

"Did you part on good terms?"

"Oh, yes; we shook hands pleasantly at parting."

"Are you thinking of another match yet?"

"No, not yet. I don't mean to be a prize fighter more than a year or two more."

"Where do you think is the most dangerous place to catch a blow?"

"I don't know. There are several bad places."

"Do you think a man is apt to get killed in the ring?"

"No, I do not. I think whenever men are killed in the prize ring it is in consequence of their having something the matter with them, like heart disease."

"Have you scruples of conscience about fighting?"

"I have not. I never fought a man to kill him. I fight him only to lick him."

"Doesn't it generate a great feeling of hatred?"

"Not at all. Sometimes, when it is in dispute which is the better man, bad feeling springs up. But there is no bad feeling in a fight, or after it."

"Is it true, as Ben Hogan says, that a prize fighter has to take a good many insults that other people do not?"

"Yes, that is a fact. Still, there is no need for any man to fight unless he wants to. For my part, if a man insulted me, I should walk off and leave him. If a man goes around looking for fights, he will get all of them he wants."

"What are your habits with reference to liquor?"

"I am not a temperance man, but I am not a hard drinker, either. During training I drink nothing but tea and a little ale. At other times I have a little fun sometimes, but never carry drinking to excess."

On reaching Cincinnati Sullivan was interviewed by the Enquirer reporter. The champion struck a higher key than when in Chicago, as will be seen by the following:

"The reason I did not punish Ryan more severely," said Sullivan, "was because Madden spoke to me after the fifth round, I think it was, and told me not to go at him so vicious, as I had him done, and might kill him. I only wanted to win, and had no desire to beat him unnecessarily. For that reason I did not strike him in the stomach, though I had opportunity after opportunity to do so. I knew he was ruptured, but did not know how bad, and I felt that if I put my right well and square on his 'mark' that would be the last of him."

He denied the report that Egan ever bantered him to spar in Troy, and said that when he returns to New York he will give him \$100 to spar four rounds with him.

"If he shows that he is a good man, then I will make a match to fight him; but one thing you may depend on, and that is that whoever fights me will have to fight me with gloves, as I have determined to fight no more fist fights, not because I object to the bare knuckles, but because I do not want to render myself amenable to the laws against prize fighting. I have no desire to go to jail or penitentiary. When I matched myself to fight Ryan I had to agree to the terms his backer

made. They said that I was only a glove-fighter, and that I was afraid of the bare knuckles. For that reason I consented to fight Ryan as I did. I think I have proved that I can fight with my knuckles, and now any one who wants to tackle me will have to do it my fashion. I don't care to travel fifteen or eighteen hundred miles to fight when a better place can be had in any large city in the North, and a better class of people to witness it besides."

Speaking of the financial proceeds of the excursion to the mill, he said:

"When I got to New Orleans I was informed that unless I paid 12½ per cent. of my share of the excursion money to certain parties they would prevent the fight from taking place. I wrote to Ryan and told him of the situation of affairs, and he agreed to give a similar sum. He had for his friend Pat Duffy, and I William Johnson. Neither of them can read or write."

"I wanted to have the railroad company handle all the tickets and money, but Paddy turned all the management of his part of the funds to Duffy. Well, there were twelve passenger coaches and a baggage car in the excursion train. Now, if there were but sixty people in each passenger coach it would make 720 people. Now, 700 people at \$10 each for tickets would make \$7,000. The cars cost \$100, so that all the expenses of the excursion could not at the utmost be more than \$1,500. That would leave over \$5,500 for us, less the 25 per cent. for our friends. We ought to have got about \$2,000 apiece, whereas I only got \$1,235 and Ryan \$300. Of course I can't tell who got the remainder."

Sullivan must understand that if he intends to hold the title of champion pugilist of the world, he must fight all comers, and not with gloves, but according to the rules of the London Prize Ring, the same as when he met and defeated Ryan. Neither Sullivan or any other pugilist can change these rules; and when Richard K. Fox, the proprietor of the POLICE GAZETTE, is ready to match the Unknown or Ryan against him he will have to arrange a match and fight by the same rules and the same conditions that Heenan, Morrissey, Coburn and the balance of the Americans fought by or else give up the title.

Paddy Ryan met with a big reception and had a well attended exhibition at Chicago on Feb. 25. Sullivan gave an exhibition at Cincinnati on March 13, but it was not a very successful one.

In regard to stating that Mr. Patrick Duffy, of New Orleans, and Mr. Robert Johnson could not read or write, Sullivan displayed very bad taste in having such a statement published. We know both gentlemen, having met them in New Orleans, and can vouch that they are two thorough sporting men, and Ryan speaks in the highest terms of all the New Orleans sporting men, and says should he never again visit the Crescent City he will never forget the kind, hospitable treatment he received.

The next important prize fight will be fought within 100 miles of New York and the stakes will be \$1,000. The principals are Tom Sweeney, a noted pugilist from England, and Tommy Donahue, who fought Pete Lawler. New Haven sporting men are backing Donahue, while Frank Stevenson, the noted Bleeker street sporting man, is behind Sweeney. The first deposit of \$100 a side has been posted with Richard K. Fox, proprietor of the POLICE GAZETTE, and the pugilists have signed the following articles of agreement:

"Articles of agreement entered into this 16th day of Feb., 1932, at the POLICE GAZETTE office, between Thomas Sweeney, of New Haven, Conn., and Thomas Donahue, of New Haven, Conn. The said Thomas Sweeney and said Thomas Donahue, both of New Haven, do hereby agree to fight a fair stand-up fight with hard gloves according to the new rules of the prize ring by which the said Thomas Sweeney and the said Thomas Donahue hereby mutually agree to be bound. The said fight shall be for the sum of five hundred (\$500) dollars a side, to take place on the 30th day of March, 1932, within 100 miles of New York, the man winning the toss to give the opposite party ten days' notice of the place. The men shall be in the ring between the hours of 7 and 9 p.m. or the man absent to forfeit the battle money. The expenses of the ropes and stakes shall be borne mutually alike share and share."

"In pursuance of this agreement the sum of one hundred (\$100) dollars a side is now deposited in the hands of Richard K. Fox, proprietor of the POLICE GAZETTE, who shall be final stakeholder. The remaining deposits shall be as follows: the second deposit of two hundred (\$200) dollars on the 9th day of March, 1932, at the POLICE GAZETTE office, the third and final deposit of two hundred (\$200) dollars a side shall be made with the final stakeholder at the POLICE GAZETTE office, March 23, 1932, and loss for choice of ground to take place at the time of putting up the deposit."

"The said deposit must be put up not later than — on the days aforesaid and party failing to make good the amounts due at the time and place named shall forfeit the money down. In case of magisterial interference the referee if appointed, or the stakeholder if not, shall name the next time and place of meeting, if possible on the same day or in the same week. Either party failing to appear at the time and place specified by that official to lose the battle money. The stakes must be given up unless by mutual consent or until fairly won or lost by a fight and due notice shall be given to both parties of the time and place for giving the money up. In pursuance of this agreement we hereby attach our names."

"THOMAS SWEENEY,
"THOMAS DONAHUE."

"Witnesses:
"W. M. Killay,
"Wm. Schmauder,
"Wm. E. Harding, for POLICE GAZETTE."

The prize fight mania is spreading. Recently Richard K. Fox, proprietor of the POLICE GAZETTE, received the following challenge, accompanied by a deposit of twenty-five dollars. The document explains itself:

FRISCO, Utah Ty., Feb. 17, 1932.
Richard K. Fox, proprietor of the POLICE GAZETTE,
New York City:

DEAR SIR: Please insert the following challenge in the columns of your valuable paper:

I will fight any man in Utah Territory a fair stand-up fight in a 24-foot ring, according to the English rules, for \$250 and the middle-weight championship of the Territory. I will fight at 140 lbs. and allow the party accepting this challenge 5 lbs.; the fight to come off in Frisco within 90 days from the publication of this notice, and I will allow expenses of party accepting these terms from any part of this territory."

As a guarantee that I am in earnest I enclose herein \$25 as a forfeit to be held by Richard K. Fox, proprietor of the POLICE GAZETTE.
DANNIS GIBSON.

Frisco, Beaver Co., Utah Ty.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Another Treat in Store!

We have now in preparation a magnificent four-page Pictorial Supplement, illustrating the lives of our soldiers and the sailors in times of war and peace. Put a pin in it, boys in blue!

RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher,
183 William street, New York.

S. W., Bangor, Me.—No.
R. S., Hartford, Conn.—Fond on the picture.
Scpio, Detroit, Mich.—Billy Madden trained Sullivan.

S. G., Jefferson, Ohio.—Jeff Davis was captured April 16, 1863.

H. W., Washington, D. C.—John Brown was hung Dec. 2, 1859.

J. M. W., Camden, N. J.—The length of an Irish mile is 2,240 yds.

S. W., Boston, Mass.—Bill Poole was 5ft. 9½ in. and weighed 157 lbs.

J. W. B., Pittsburg.—Vanderbilt is the wealthiest man in this country.

M. H., Lockport, N. Y.—I. John McMahon holds that title. 2. No.

H. W. G., San Francisco, Cal.—Prof. Webster was hung Aug. 30, 1870.

H. P., Troy, N. Y.—The great fire at Washington broke out Dec. 15, 1831.

S. G., Boston, Mass.—Lady Suffolk trotted 161 races, winning 83, losing 73.

M. G., St. Louis.—1. The course from Putney to Mortlake is 4½ m. 2. No.

W. H., Morristown, N. J.—Barry Sullivan was born in Dublin, Ireland, in 1824.

PATSY M. Jackson, Miss.—Dan Donnelly was born in 1786 and died Feb., 1820.

MARTINET, St. Paul, Minn.—Ryan and Sullivan fought 11m., 9 rounds.

W. H., Omaha.—1. Paddy Ryan says he will fight no more. 2. That is not for us to say.

GALWAY, Chicago, Ill.—Wm. Meyers is the POLICE GAZETTE correspondent in your city.

W. G. H., Richmond, Ind.—Mike McCool weighed 160 lbs. when he defeated Aaron Jones.

HUSSAR, Alexandria, Va.—Bill Davis and Jim Dunne fought at Pike County, Pa., May 16, 1863.

W. S., Philadelphia.—Bill Poole was shot between 12 and 1 o'clock on the night of Feb. 25, 1835.

S. W., Kansas City.—You win. Tom King was the winner of his last battle with Jim Mace.

M. D., Boston, Mass.—Paddy Ryan's nose and jaw were not broken when he fought Sullivan.

G. W., Philadelphia.—1. Abe Hicken has fought 15 times in the ring. 2. No. 3. He is in Australia.

G. P., Rochester, N. Y.—Tom Sayers defeated the Tipton Slasher in 10 rounds, one hour and forty-two minutes.

D. W., Albany, N. Y.—1. James Tudney, the English pedestrian, is credited with running 11m. in 57m. 20s. 2. No.

H. L., Port Jervis.—Paddy Ryan's first battle in the prize ring was with Joe Goss at Collier's Station, W. Va., June 1, 1880.

M. H., Boston, Mass.—Tom O'Donnell and Orville Gardner seconded John Morrissey when he fought Yankee Sullivan.

S. H., Havre de Grace, Md.—Johnny Newell of Pittsburg, Pa., defeated Patsy Burns near Pittsburg in 16r. 45m., July 27, 1865.

M. T. C., Salem, Mass.—Tom Hyer died June 25, 1864. Mike McCool was born March 12, 1837, and Aaron Jones March 1, 1833.

G. H., Wheeling, West Va.—1. Sam Collyer stands 5ft. 5½ in. in height. 2. No. 3. Jim Cusick, Heenan's trainer, is still alive.

M. W., New Haven, Conn.—1. Edward McGlinchey is considered the most scientific pugilist in the State of Connecticut. 2. No.

G. S., Baltimore, Md.—1. Tom Hyer when he fought Yankee Sullivan was 30 lbs. heavier than Sullivan. 2. Hyer weighed 185 lbs.

S. W., Baltimore, Md.—1. A trotting horse and running mate is not in the proper meaning of the term a double team. 2. No.

H. W. S., Ypsilanti, Mich.—Weston when he walked from Portland, Me., to Chicago started from the Preble House in the former city.

M. S., Indianapolis, Ind.—Marsden was the first English pugilist who fought Ned O'Baldwin and the only man who ever defeated him.

W. D., Boston.—On June 12, 1863, Jimmy Elliott challenged Jim Dunne to fight for \$2,000 or any man in America to put up \$500 forfeit.

SAM, Peoria, Ill.—Thirty seconds are allowed between each round when pugilists fight according to the rules of the London prize ring.

M. S., Palatine, Va.—John Brougham, the actor, did play in a New York and Philadelphia theatre the same night. 2. It was on Nov. 13, 1850.

H. W., Allentown, Penn.—Peter Morris, the English pugilist, fought ten times in the ring, winning nine battles and making a draw of the tenth.

PATSY, Seymour, Ind.—1. Gen. George B. McClellan was removed Nov. 4, 1862. 2. He was appointed commander of the Union army in Nov., 1861.

H. W., Austin, Texas.—Horace W. Tabor, the mining millionaire and ex-lieutenant-governor of Colorado in 1874, was a stone cutter at Augusta, Me., in 1854.

G. W., Brighton, Mass.—1. Homer Lane is not dead. 2. He is in San Francisco, Cal., and a letter addressed to Patsy Hogan, No. 1 Morton street, will reach him.

H. S., Hoosick Falls, N. Y.—John Morrissey fought a rough-and-tumble fight with Bill Poole, beat George Thompson, Jim, Yankee, Sullivan and John C. Heenan.

H. W., Middletown, N. Y.—John Hughes won the International O'Leary belt in the first contest. He covered 503m. The POLICE GAZETTE entered him for the race.

H. P., Fulton Market, N. Y.—G. wins. Mike Costello, the well known boxer, better known as Strong Arm Mike, was at the Ryan and Sullivan prize fight. H. loses.

W. S., Baltimore, Md.—Charley Gallagher defeated Tom Allen near St. Louis, Feb. 1868, knocking him out of time in the second round, the battle lasting three minutes.

S. W., Sioux City.—Why, Izzy Larazus died in this city Sept. 23, 1867. You must have been mistaken, for Harry Larazus was murdered in Houston street, this city, Jan. 3, 1865.

S. H., Trenton, N. J.—1. John C. Heenan never received the stakes in a prize fight. 2. Johnny Lyng and Country McCuskey were Sullivan's seconds when he fought Tom Hyer.

HORNER, Charleston, S. C.—Heenan and King fought for \$2,000. Hyer and Sullivan fought for \$10,000. Ryan and Sullivan fought for \$3,500, \$2,500 a side and \$1,000 a side put up in the ring.

M. H., Boston, Mass.—A. wins. Joe Coburn was never beaten by Jim Mace or any other pugilist. 2. Coburn defeated Harry Gribben, Mike McCool and fought a draw with Jim Mace.

G. S., Allentown, Pa.—1. Captain Barclay in Dec., 1866, accomplished the feat of walking 100m. in 19h. over a rough road. He accomplished the feat in 17h. and 30m., exclusive of the 1 hour, and 30m. he rested. 2. No.

H. W., Annapolis, Md.—1. Boss Harrington was born in New York in 1811. 2. On June 4, 1832, he fought Andy McLane. 3. He fought John McLane in 1834. 4. He is supposed to have committed suicide on Feb. 1, 1850.

W. G. H., Leavenworth.—1. Yankee Sullivan was born April 12, 1813. 2. He fought Tom Hyer Feb. 7, 1819. 3. He was found dead in a cell where he was placed by the vigilance committee, at San Francisco, May 31, 1850.

M. B., New Orleans, La.—1. Jerry Donovan is a brother to Mike Donovan. 2. He fought four times in the ring, defeating Jim Burns, Johnny McGlade, Johnny Gallagher and Steve O'Donnell and received forfeit from Barney Ford.

M. H., St. Louis, Mo.—1. Hugh Riley, better known as Butt Riley, never fought Johnny Dwyer in the prize ring. They fought twice in a room in Brooklyn and in a sporting house in New York. 2. No, that sporting journal was wrong.

H. W. C., Toronto, Canada.—The limits of the different fighting weights are as follows: feather weights up to 8 stone or 112 lbs., light-weight up to 9 stone 7 pounds or 133 lbs., middle-weight up to 11 stone or 154 lbs., heavy-weight all above 154 lbs.

MORRISSEY ADMIRER.—1. The Ryan and Sullivan battle did not last as long as the Heenan and Morrissey battle. 2. Morrissey defeated Heenan in 11 rounds lasting 21m. 3. Heenan was insensible when time was called for the twelfth round.

H. W., Richmond, Va.—You win. Ryan and Sullivan were drinking wine together the same night after the battle in the St. James Hotel, New Orleans. The report in Frank Queen's sporting journal that Ryan's nose and jaw were broken was not correct.

MILL BOY, Olean, N. Y.—1. Bob Way, of your city, was the champion jumper of America. 2. He held that title until he was beaten by Ned Searles at Blenheim, N. Y. 3. On July 11, 1867, at Chicago, he won the championship, jumping 12ft. 8½ in. 4. No.

S. W., St. Louis, Mo.—Hugh Riley, better known as "Butt" Riley, and Sherman Thurston seconded Tom Allen in his first battle with Mike McCool. Patsy Sheppard of Boston and Arthur Chambers seconded Allen when he fought McCool the second time.

W. W., Philadelphia, Pa.—1. Arthur Chambers retired from the prize ring after he defeated Prof. J. S. Clark for \$2,000 and the championship of light-weights. 2. No. 3. He is considered one of the most scientific and plucky light-weights that ever entered the ring.

W. S., Cheyenne.—1. Bill Davis is now a sheriff in Washington Ty. 2. He fought nine times in the ring, winning with Jack Smith, Pearson, Tom Daley, Patsy Daley and Charley Gallagher. 3. Davis was beaten by James Dunne, Mike McCool, Jimmy Elliott and Tom Allen.

LIONEL, New Brunswick, N. S.—1. Hammer Lane and Homer Lane are two different parities. The former was the English pugilist whom Yankee Sullivan went to England to fight and defeated Feb. 2, 1841, while Homer Lane is a native of Green county, N. Y., and ex-champion collar-and-elbow wrestler.

H. W., Troy, N. Y.—1. Ryan did all he could to win under the circumstances in his battle with Sullivan at Mississippi City, Feb. 7, 1832. 2. If you lost money you should not complain for you invested it to either win or lose. 3. We think all reports about Ryan selling the fight are untrue. Sullivan won on his merits.

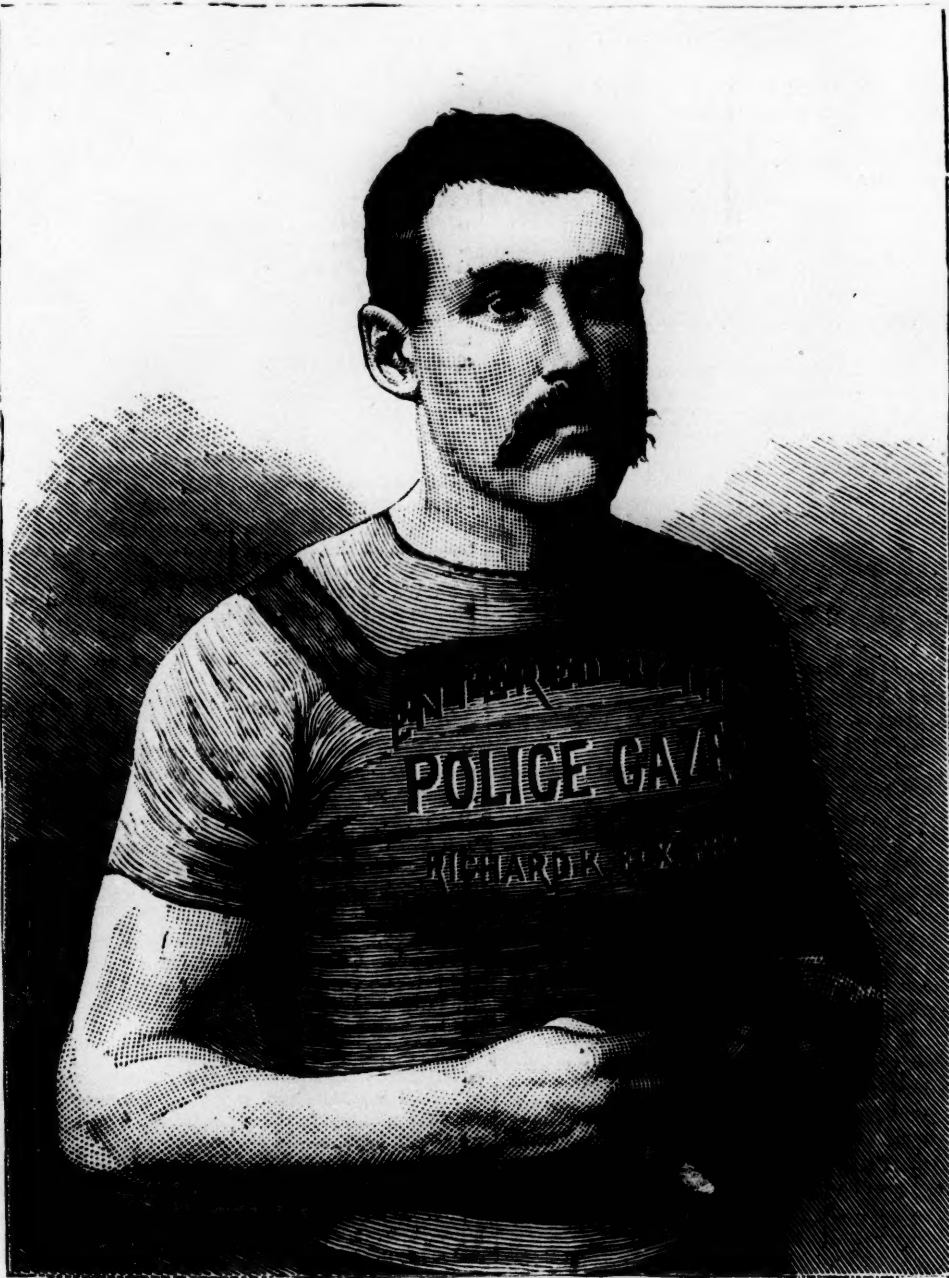
HARVEY S., Parkersburg, Va.—1. Jim Mace and Joe Goss fought three times. 2. In the first Mace won in 19 rounds 1h. 55m., Sept. 1, 1863, for \$1,000. The second battle ended in a draw; one round was fought in 1h. 14m., May 24, 1866. The third battle was fought in a 16-foot ring August 6, 1866, when Mace won in 21 rounds lasting 30m.

H. S., Baltimore, Md.—Tom Hyer stood 5ft. 1½ in. in height; weighed 185 lbs. Tom King 5ft. 2½ in.; weighed 182 lbs. John C. Heenan 5ft. 1½ in. in height; weighed 190 lbs. Mike McCool 5ft. 3½ in.; weighed 180 lbs. Jimmy Elliott 5ft.; weighed 160 lbs. Ned O'Baldwin 5ft. 5½ in.; weighed 166 lbs. John L. Sullivan 5ft. 10½ in.; weighed 190 lbs. Paddy Ryan 5ft. 2½ in.; weighs 193 lbs.

CONSTANT READER, Bay St. Louis, Miss.—1. Paddy Ryan's nose was not broken. Frank Queen did not send a representative to the battle. The report was garbled from some of the daily papers. 2. Ryan was not badly punished. He rode seven miles in a farmer's wagon 20 minutes after the train left for New Orleans and accompanied the POLICE GAZETTE representative to New Orleans that night.

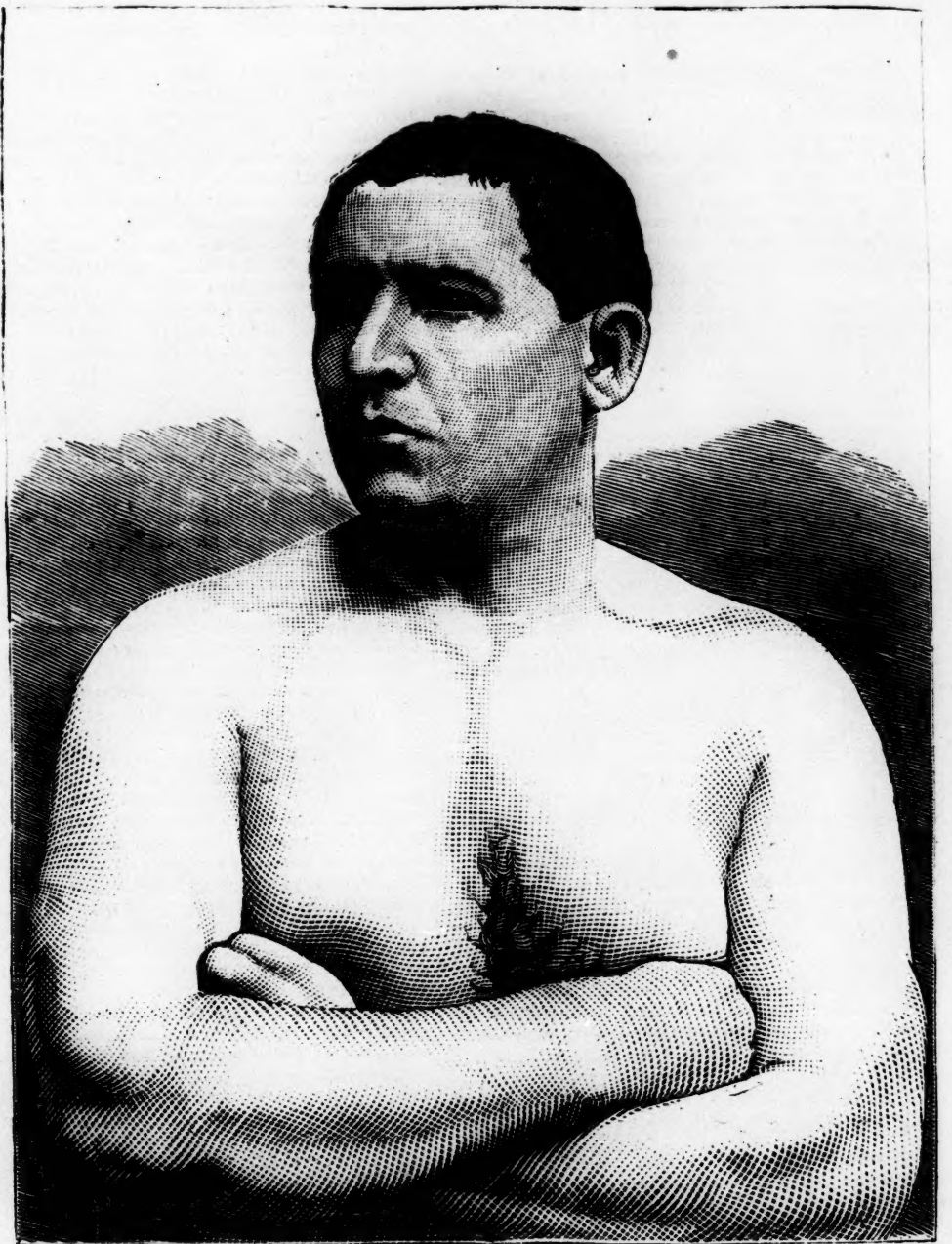
G. S., Toledo, Ohio.—A foul at billiards is made by playing with the wrong ball; playing when all the balls are at rest; hitting your own ball more than once or another ball except with the cue ball; playing when in hand at a ball inside the string; hitting a red ball before striking the other white; in starting a game placing marks on table to aid in play; altering your stroke at the suggestion of outside parties, etc. Send for a book of rules.

M. W., Boston, Mass.—1. Joe Goss had nothing to do with arranging the match between John L. Sullivan and Paddy Ryan. 2. Billy Madden first introduced Sullivan to the New York sporting public and not Joe Goss. 3. Madden and the Sporting Editor of the POLICE GAZETTE arranged the preliminaries for the match, Richard K. Fox, the proprietor of the POLICE GAZETTE, putting up \$500 forfeit for Ryan and Madden, putting up \$500 for Sullivan. 4. No.



JOHN HUGHES,

THE "POLICE GAZETTE" ENTRY IN THE GREAT WALKING MATCH.



RICHARD EGAN,

"THE TROY TERROR," AND FAMOUS HEAVY HITTER.

[In our next issue will appear a picture of Dick Egan, in full ring costume, photographed expressly for the POLICE GAZETTE.]

"The Troy Terror."

One of the latest sensations in the pugilistic sphere is Dick Egan, the Troy pugilist, whose portrait will be found among the POLICE GAZETTE galaxy of noted sporting celebrities on this page. Egan is not as tall as either John L. Sullivan, the champion pugilist, or Paddy Ryan, but he makes up for the deficiency in other ways. He weighs over 230 pounds and says he can train down to 210 pounds. His biceps are 16 1/2 inches; chest 43 1-2; waist, 42 1-4; hips, 45 7-8; thigh, 29 1-4; calf, 19 3-4. He has worked hard ever since boyhood, and not wasted his substance by dissipation. In the last number of the POLICE GAZETTE he issued a challenge to fight John L. Sullivan, the champion, for \$2,500 and the

Now, as he is recovering from his long illness, it comes out that he was never an officer in the army. He retorts to his comrades that he will pay all they have advanced him when he gets well, but his strategy was justifiable in his great distress, for, he says, if he had said he was only a private no one would have noticed him or they would only have sent him to the poor-house.

A Miss as Good as a Mile.

There was a knock at the door of Mr. A. G. Buckheart's house at midnight on the 23d ult. It is situated in a lonely spot a mile or so from Crisfield, Md. Mr. B. went to the door and a man handed him a letter. As Mr. Buckheart went to the lamp on a table in his room



GEORGE HAZAEL,

ENGAGED IN THE GREAT SIX-DAY WALKING MATCH.



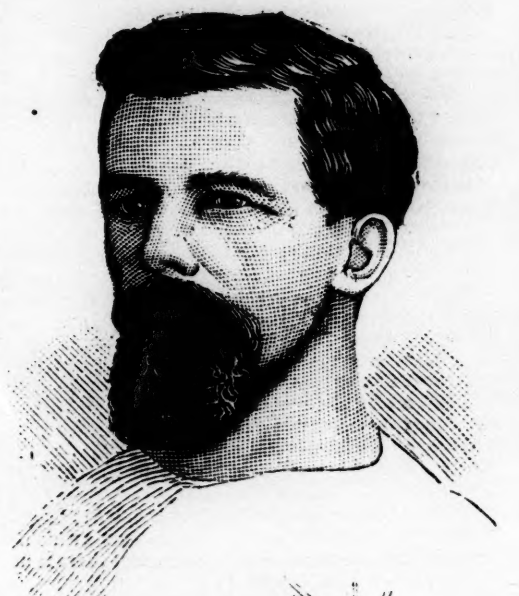
GEO. D. NOREMAC,

THE FAMOUS LONG-DISTANCE WALKER.



PETER J. PANCHOT,

ENGAGED IN THE GREAT WALKING MATCH.



ROBERT VINT,

THE FAMOUS LONG DISTANCE WALKER.



PATRICK FITZGERALD,

COMPETITOR IN THE GREAT SIX-DAY RACE.

championship of the world, but up to the time the POLICE GAZETTE went to press the champion had not accepted the challenge.

A Strategic High Private.

Philadelphia got itself into a flutter some weeks ago over the sufferings of a sick man who said he was a General Rial Niles, who had been wounded while in the Union army, and who claimed to have been a classmate of General Garfield. The Grand Army took him in hand and had him cared for at a great expense. He displayed several gunshot wounds, and appearing in every way the regular, legitimate, up-and-up sort of invalid, the best of care was given him regardless of the cost.

to read the letter two shots were fired through the window at him, but he was not hit. The assassin's plot was a cunning one and came near success. No trace can be found of the villains who put up the bloody job.

J. J. CHENEY, a farmer, started for Effingham, Ill., with a large sum of money, intending to buy horses. On the way he picked up a man named Edward Wilson, whom he engaged as a farm hand. When a mile out of town they fell in with two tramps, evidently friends of the new hand, and the three jumped on Cheney and robbed him of \$240. The victim went into town, got the assistance of the city marshal and a few citizens who pursued and captured the robbers. Only half the money was found.



CHARLES ROWELL,

THE FAMOUS ENGLISH LONG-DISTANCE PEDESTRIAN.

A Black Enchanter.

A South Carolina negro has been doing an immense business by means of a Voodoo trick that is almost classic in its inception and execution. The benighted darkeys of the section lying 20 miles to the north and west of Aiken, S. C., had never seen nor ever heard of a telephone, but he had. He bought or stole one in Charleston and taking it to the wilds of the northwestern part of the State proceeded to make his fortune with it. First he built a cabin and set up in it a rudely carved wooden figure of a devil with horns, tail and cloven hoofs complete. Then he rigged his telephone inside of it and ran the wire through the wall of the cabin to the outside, where the mouth-piece was placed in the charge of the artful darkey's small boy who was snugly ensconced in the pig pen; out of sight. The old man then set himself up for an enchanter and making the wooden oracle speak, tell fortunes and conduct conversations with him, so impressed the ignorant negroes of the neighborhood that they paid weekly tribute in money, clothing and food on the altar of the electric idol. A circus sideshow man, noting the enchanter's power over the colored race for miles around, offered him a good sum if he would induce the mulatto mother of a little child, whom he thought would make a good subject, to rig up as a curiosity. The fetich man overawed the woman and in obedience to the commands of the wooden god she gave up her child. When her offspring had joined the circus, however, she began to have doubts and finally kicked up such a fuss that the authorities interfered and the enchanter's trickery was discovered. He had been living on the fat of the land for six months by the simple magic of a single telephone. He is now in

**"VOODOOED" WITH A TELEPHONE.**

HOW A PROGRESSIVE NEGRO ENCHANTER WORKED THE IGNORANT COONS NEAR AIKEN, S. C., BY THE APPLIANCES OF MODERN SCIENCE.

the calaboose and no telephone communicates with his cell.

Frank Mayo.

An actor of established popularity, Frank Mayo is also one of the most eminent representative Americans in his profession. In the part of Davy Crockett, as which he figures in his portrait, he gave origin to a new departure in the drama which for him at least has borne good fruit. There are few more deli-

cious performances on the English stage than that of Mr. Mayo in this character, and the favor it has achieved is an admirable illustration of the appreciation the public accords it.

Hetty Tracey.

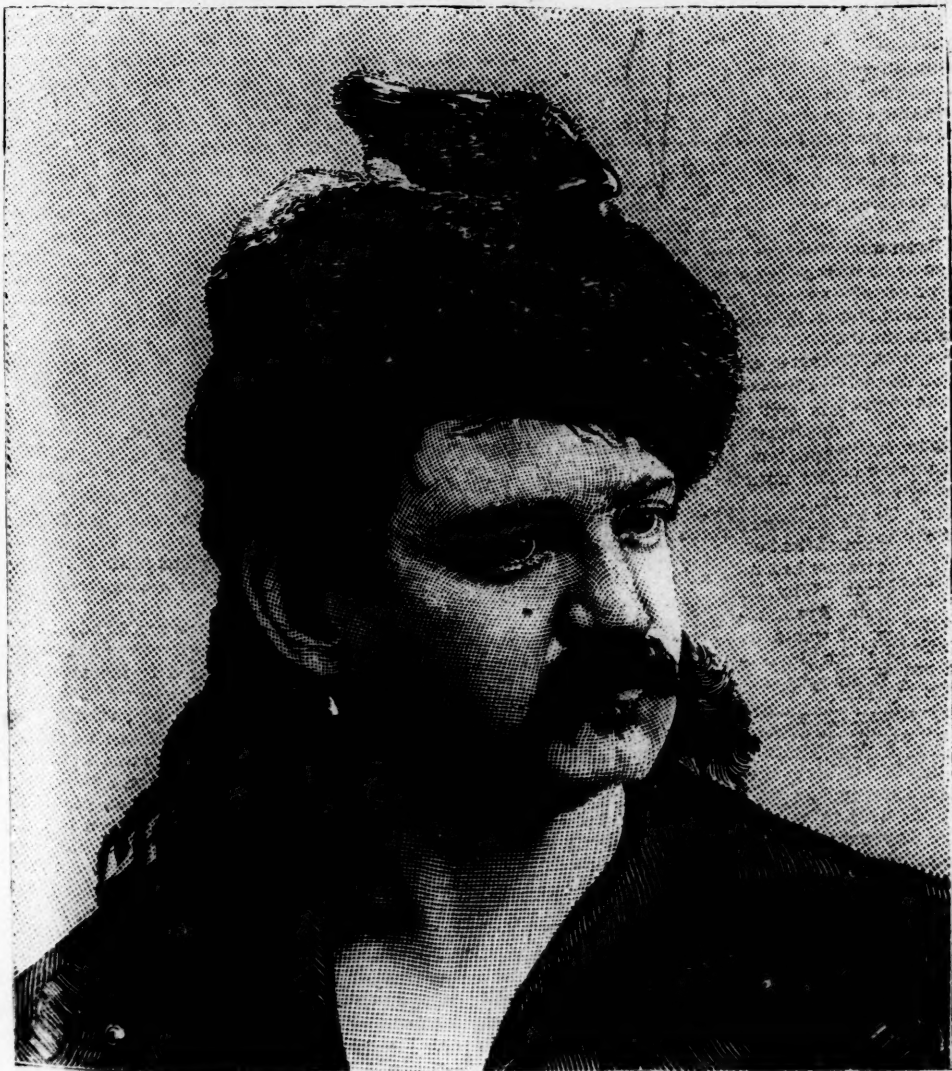
This charming young English actress has become familiar to the New York public through various metropolitan appearances. Out of town she has achieved enviable success

in irons. The citizens gathered around in fury and muttered threats of lynching the prisoner. They wanted a leader. Geo. Cook, brother of the murdered man, volunteered. The wretch was seized and carried to a tree. A noose was thrown over his head and tightened about his neck. The lynchers found that the rope was too short to go over the limb of a tree, so they evidently intended to drag their victim to death when the sheriff interfered. Reinforcement coming on the scene the prisoner was rescued.

during the present season in the role of Mary Blythe in *The World*, redeeming a weak part from insignificance by the charm of her appearance and her talents.

Killed in a Spelling Match.

A grocery store circle sitting around the stove in a grocery store in Waverly, Neb., on Sunday night the 19th ult., got up a spelling bee for amusement between drinks. Among the poems given out for orthographic distortion was the word "rosin." Jas. Cook said it was spelled "rosan" but Dick Ravin insisted that it was "rosene." The scholars waxed warm over it and finally bet drinks that they were right. They intended to hunt up a copy of a country paper, hunt for the word and thus settle it but before they could do so Ravin made some angry reflections on the ancestry of Cook, whereupon the latter shot him. Then Ravin drew his little pistol and shot the other speller through the heart. Rushing out of the house he went to the barn, mounted a horse and pointed for the prairie. The animal proved to be an unbroken colt, however, and he was soon thrown. He then undertook to continue his flight but was overtaken by a howling mob headed by the sheriff, who captured and put him

**FRANK MAYO.**

[Photo. by Mora.]

**MISS HETTY TRACEY.**

[Photo. by Hanson, Brooklyn.]

THE POLICE GAZETTE'S GALLERY OF FOOTLIGHT FAVORITES.

SPORTING NEWS.

NOW READY.

And Don't You Miss It.

For full history of the life and adventures of John L. Sullivan, champion of the world, and of his late opponent, Paddy Ryan, and large portraits of both, see "The History of the Prize Ring," which also contains a complete chronological history of all the championship and other fights in America with many portraits and illustrations never before published. By mail, 30 cents.

RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher.
183 William street, New York.

The Saratoga racing season will last through July and August.

Once again Hickok offers to trot St. Julien against Maud S., for \$10,000.

The pedigree of Phil Thompson, three year-old record, 2:21, is full of racing blood.

SCHAEFER should now challenge Slosson to play for the billiard championship of the world.

The Rochester Driving Park has decided to offer another \$10,000, to be trotted for by stallions on July 4.

FEB. 17, the cocking main at Hamburg, Ga., between Georgia and North Carolina, resulted in favor of Georgia, who won 11 out of 24.

At the sale of a stud flock of Merino sheep in Australia, a four-year old ram brought \$7,000, several others being disposed of for prices ranging from \$600 to \$2,350.

SAM KNIGHT and Albert M. Frey have arranged a 15-ball pool match, the best of 41 games, for \$500 a side. The match will be played on March 8 at Tammany Hall.

TOMMY HUTCHENS, the "boy wonder," of Jem Mace's town, in England, and Henry Monroe are to walk four miles for \$50 on March 6. It is said Hutchens can go the distance in 32 minutes.

DURING the past season twenty-eight sons and daughters of Glenelg started in 244 races, of which they won fifty-five, were second in forty-four and third in forty-seven, winning a total of \$37,500.

W. C. FRANCE, of Philadelphia, is about to retire from the turf and sell his last horses. He values his last stallion Alexander at \$20,000. Enchantress, by Happy Medium, at \$75,000. Mollie F., by George Wilkes at \$3,000.

FEB. 17, near Washington, D. C., the cocking main Long Island vs. District of Columbia, resulted in Long Island winning 7 out of the 12 battles fought. Conditions were, each side to show 17, fight all that fell in for \$150 each battle and \$1,000 the odd fight.

A MATCH was recently arranged at the Sporting Life office, London, Eng., between Thomas Goodson, of Spitalfields, and William England (champion weight-carrier) who signed articles to box for a trophy, under the Marquis of Queensbury rules, valued at £50, during the last week in February.

At Bridgeport, Conn., on the 28th ult., Edward McGlinchey, the clever light-weight pugilist, was tendered a benefit at the Opera House, Bridgeport, Conn. Crowds of New York sporting men went up to witness the affair. Johnny Kelly and McGlinchey made a grand set-to, and McGlinchey received a well-merited reception.

ARTHUR CHAMBERS, the champion light weight prize fighter, states that he has not yet received the challenge which Sam Collyer says he issued out if he does receive it he is willing to stake a neat sum that he can whip Collyer inside of half an hour. John Styles of 30 Bowery, who accompanied Sam Collyer when the \$100 forfeit was posted with Richard K. Fox, says any time Chambers is willing he will arrange the match.

THE testimonial benefit to Frank White and George Holden at Madison Square Garden was a grand success. Several of the pugilistic division who promised to appear, however, failed to do so. Ed. McGlinchey came all the way from Bridgeport, Conn., on purpose to assist but there was no one to box with him, although the noted pugilist was ready. Frank Whitaker was the master of ceremonies and when he displayed the colors of the feather-weight champions he was loudly cheered. Both White and Holden met with a warm reception and made a grand display of science.

SINCE the racing season closed in England a much argued point has been the question of superiority between Troquois and Foxhall, most people being of opinion that the latter was decidedly the better colt. It must, however, be remembered that Troquois had had a hard year's work, and it is highly probable that he was not in his summer form at the close of the season, whereas Foxhall came on in the nick of time to accomplish his marvelous double event. However it will be seen that Foxhall is a 7 lb. better colt than Troquois, according to the calculations of the Epsom handicapper, and perhaps this is an opinion in which the majority will concur.

JOHN DWYER, the stalwart Brooklyn pugilist, has returned from Florida. He is only a shadow of his former self, suffering from that dreadful malady known as catarrh of the stomach. Dwyer when he could boast of health and strength was always ready and willing to assist any of the profession. Owing to his protracted sickness he is left in need of money, and the sporting fraternity and his many friends, both in New York and Brooklyn, should come forward and tender him a benefit. The proceeds of an exhibition at Madison Square Garden, would help greatly to assist Brooklyn's favorite boxer, and if his friends do not make arrangements for such a show, the POLICE GAZETTE will do so. We have not the least doubt but that every wrestler and boxer will freely assist in the affair. Athletes and pugilists who will volunteer will please at once forward their names to Richard K. Fox, proprietor of the POLICE GAZETTE.

The following explains itself:

ST. LOUIS, Feb. 27, 1932.

Richard K. Fox, Proprietor of the POLICE GAZETTE:

SIR: Andrew Williams is in Chicago and styles himself champion billiard player of the northwest. Please announce in your great sporting journal that I hereby challenge the said Andrew Williams or any colored man in Chicago, a game of billiards, three ball, French caroms, 300 points, on a 4½x9 table for \$100 or \$150 a side. The POLICE GAZETTE to hold the stakes and the

match to be played in Chicago Ill. To prove I mean business I enclose you a forfeit of \$50.

HENRY BRIDGEWATER, 514 Christy ave.
P.S.—My money will remain with you with the challenge for two weeks, which will prove whether Williams or any of the rest of the billiard experts mean biz.

[We have received fifty (\$50) dollars.—Sporting Editor POLICE GAZETTE.]

THE pugilistic mania appears to be increasing. Charley Norton, the cleverest light-weight pugilist in America, sends the following business-like challenge, which will be read with interest by the admirers of the "only art":

PHILADELPHIA, March 1, 1932.

To the Sporting Editor of the POLICE GAZETTE:

SIR: I have been in this country over three years and although I have repeatedly put up my money and issued several challenges in the POLICE GAZETTE, the now recognized pugilistic organ in America to fight any man in America for \$1,000 a side and the light-weight championship. I have failed to induce any of the many light-weight champions to meet me. Please publish in the POLICE GAZETTE that I am prepared to fight Jim Frawley or any man in America at 125 lbs for \$1,000 a side and the light-weight championship of America. I forward Richard K. Fox, proprietor of the POLICE GAZETTE, \$50 forfeit to prove I mean business and will meet any pugilist who desires to arrange a match at the POLICE GAZETTE office.

CHAS. NORTON,
Light-weight Champion of America.

HAVING enjoyed a long rest Wallace Ross will soon begin work on the rowing machines and will go to Portland for preparation about March 15. In regard to his race with Hanlan Ross says: "As far as the championship is concerned I don't think Hanlan has as good a claim to it as I have, for when he retired last year just before the Toronto regatta he forfeited the title and the Toronto papers announced that he was no longer champion and that whoever won the single-scull race in the regatta ought to have the title. As I won the race and have been willing to row anybody for the title ever since, I don't see how Hanlan can style himself champion of America, especially as I defeated him at Providence when he was supposed to be better than ever he was and his friends were betting three to one over the field. As far as the championship is concerned I don't care a straw whether Hanlan beats Boyd or not. He will have to row me next June, and it is Hanlan and the stakes in our match I am looking for, not the championship, as the mere fact of being champion will never get me a living." Ross need not trouble about either the championship or the stakes in his race with Hanlan; he will find that the champion will beat him in just the manner as he has done before. Ross says he is not looking for the championship; why then did he allow Trickett to challenge him and not accept? When the time comes Ross will fight as shy of Hanlan as he did from Mr. James Keenan, of Portland street, Boston, who fed him when he was needy, paid his training expenses, bought him a shell to row at the Seekonk regatta, when he, Ross, had no money or friends. Ross rewarded his benefactor by giving him the slip and leaving Boston owing him seven months board, etc. When Ross rows Hanlan Keenan will require some of the stakes Ross wins. That is about all the liberal Boston sporting man will ever receive of his money, for if Ross and Hanlan row it will be the old story, "Hanlan's won again."

On Buffalo Hill, near Louisville, Col., on Feb. 7, George Elliott, a Canadian, and Charley McGaughey fought according to the rules of the London prize ring. George Elliott is 20 years old and weighs 145 lbs. His antagonist, Charley McGaughey, is about 37 years of age and weighs 140 lbs. Elliott's second was Pat Blaney and McGaughey's second William Williams, Thomas Allen being the referee. The two men appeared on the ground about the same time. McGaughey stripped from the waist up, Elliott being attired in light underclothes and overpants. Time was called and the modern gladiators stepped out into the ring. They were not long in getting down to business, for almost before the surging crowd had their eyes fairly fixed on the combatants the blows were commenced and in less time than it takes to tell this McGaughey was upon the ground, Elliott having won the first round. In a few moments' time McGaughey was on his feet again but only to be knocked down by his young antagonist. The third and fourth rounds were but repetitions of the first two and by this time it appeared as though Elliott was to have his own way. Round after round followed with still another score for Elliott each round. McGaughey's face was swollen and bleeding, his eyes were becoming colored, his body stiff and evidently painful, but like the plucky Irishman that he was he still stuck to his hopeless task of proving his assertion that he was the best man. Time and again he stepped up to his Canadian opponent, unwilling to give up and at the same time unable to defend himself, and just so many times he was knocked down, Elliott during the last half hour using but one hand. For over one hour and a half did the brutal combat go on until the 63d round. McGaughey was blinded and unable to stand and the fact that he could not stand up to be knocked down ended the fight in Elliott's great victory. Elliott came out of the ring with two or three small scratches on his face and breast, while McGaughey had to be carried to his carriage and wrapped up in a blanket, a totally used-up man. When the crowd went back to town everybody seemed to be in good humor and thoroughly satisfied as to who was the best man. McGaughey was taken into the house and put to bed and Elliott went about his business. Considerable money is said to have changed hands on the result.

At Madison Square Garden, on Feb. 27, one of the most exciting six-day races that was ever held in any country was begun, and nearly all the leading six-day pedestrians of the world started. The conditions provided that 142 hours should be the duration of the contest, allowing a margin of nearly one hour after midnight of Sunday for preparation in the secular week, so as not to give cause for objections from observers of the Sabbath. It was also provided that the race shall terminate at 10:15 o'clock on the night of Saturday, March 4. The men booked as contestants, and who made deposits of \$1,000 each in hopes of winning tens of thousands, were: Charles Rowell, champion, a native of Chesterton, Eng., 29 years old, 5 feet 6 inches in height, 147 pounds weight, with a record for six days of 568.1. Glyds., made at Agricultural Hall, Islington, Eng., Nov. 1 to 6, 1883, Littlewood being second and Dobler third; Patrick J. Fitzgerald, a native of Hill O'Lisnuff, county Longford, Ireland, 35 years old, 5 feet 10½ inches in height, 163 pounds in weight, with a six days' record of 569.1. Glyds., made in the

Ennis tournament at the American Institute building, New York Dec. 26 to 31, 1881; Robert Vint, a native of Ruthfriland, county Down, Ire., 35 years old, 5 feet 3 inches in height, 127½ lbs. in weight, with a record for 6 days of 578.1. Glyds., made at the American Institute building, May 23, 1881. The POLICE GAZETTE entry, John Hughes, a native of Rosgray, Tipperary, Ire., 31 years old, 5 ft. 7 in. in height, 157½ lbs. in weight, with a 6-day record of 578.1. Glyds., made in the first contest for the O'Leary International belt at the American Institute, Jan. 24 to 29, 1881; George D. Noremac, a native of Edinburg, Scotland, 27 years old 5 ft. 3¼ in. in height, 116½ lbs. in weight, with a record of 565.1. Glyds., made in the Ennis tournament at the American Institute building the last week in last December; Peter J. Panchot, a native of Buffalo, N. Y., 30 years old, 5 ft. 5 in. in height, 123 pounds in weight, with a record of 541.1. Glyds., made in the third race for the O'Leary belt at Madison Square Garden, N. Y., Feb. 23 to March 5, 1881; W. H. Scott, of San Francisco, has a record of 531.1. Glyds., made in that city last June, and has never been extended to his best efforts; George Hazael, a native of London, Eng., 33 years old, 5 ft. 6¼ in. in height, 122½ lbs. in weight, 6 day record 500.1. Glyds., when he finished third in the fifth contest for the Asbury belt at Madison Square Garden, Sept. 22 to 28, 1879. Among the galaxy of sporting men and celebrities on page 12 will be found the pictures of the leading contestants, viz. Peter J. Panchot, Chas. Rowell, Robert Vint, John Hughes, the POLICE GAZETTE champion, Geo. D. Noremac, Geo. Hazael.

THE defunct ex-sporting sheet of New York City is galvanized into a semblance of life to say: "As regards the reported challenge from Sam Collyer to Arthur Chambers, all we need say is that no such challenge has been issued over the signature of Sam or any one else, and of course no money has been staked, nor is there any likelihood of a match being made by them. Collyer desires us to say, however, that if Chambers can make it convenient to attend he would consider it a great favor if he would wind up with him at the benefit." Frank Queen's Journal is fast running down hill as a sporting medium, for it weekly publishes a tissue of incorrect statements and broadsides, because its representatives are either too lazy or Frank Queen is too peevish to expend money for news. Sam Collyer did issue a challenge to fight Chambers and had John Styles, of 30 Bowery, post \$100 with Richard K. Fox, proprietor of the POLICE GAZETTE, to prove he means business, and Collyer's backer's money is still at this office. Frank Queen's Journal also gave bogus information and a false report of the Ryan and Sullivan prize fight. It claimed that Ryan was "terribly" punished—"that his nose was broken," and "that his jaw was broken." Ryan's nose was not broken, he was not badly punished, neither was his jaw broken. Frank Queen did not send a man to New Orleans to represent the paper because it would cost too much, and the bogus report of the fight, which was not correct, was written in Frank's office. By the way, a correspondent writes us that Frank Queen has decided \$100 of his money away. He says he wrote the owner of the alleged sporting sheet to know who first produced \$1,000 in the ring to bet—Ryan or Sullivan—and that Frank Queen's paper decided that Sullivan did so. "Since," says the writer, "I have learned that the POLICE GAZETTE representative, Wm. E. Harding, was the first to produce the \$1,000, and told Ryan that Richard K. Fox, the proprietor of the POLICE GAZETTE, had telegraphed the money from New York to wager on the fight." How could the sporting paper in question decide? Frank Queen was not there, neither was anybody from his office. The decision was not correct, for Ryan was handed the \$1,000 as soon as he tied his fighting shoes. The referee was not chosen at the time, neither had Sullivan any thousand dollars to bet, for it had to be collected from his friends. Harry Hill was present and says: "The POLICE GAZETTE had the money and made the bluff first." Mr. James Elliott, Sporting Editor of the New York Herald, who was present, says: "Ryan was given the money by the POLICE GAZETTE representative to bet Sullivan, and held it ready for Sullivan to raise \$1,000 to bet with him." Mark Maguire, the Sporting Editor of the New York Sun, endorses the fact that the POLICE GAZETTE money was ready and offered in the ring first; so every one will see that Frank Queen's paper can no longer be relied on in matters of sporting news.

SINCE the big match between Paddy Ryan, the POLICE GAZETTE champion, and John L. Sullivan for \$5,000 and the championship of the world, many sporting men who lost money on Ryan appear to think he purposely lost the battle, while others who witnessed Ryan's great fight with the famous Joe Goss wonder that he was whipped so easily by Sullivan. A gentleman who had charge of Ryan's training now attempts to insinuate that Paddy sold the fight but no thorough sporting man will ever believe such a story. One fact that has come to light is that Ryan was not properly trained but the gentleman in question cannot be blamed in one way, although it was wrong for him to inform the numerous press correspondents from time to time that Ryan was in the best of condition. We have since been informed that shortly after Johnny Roche, Ryan's principal trainer, arrived at Mississippi City he was attacked with rheumatism and had to spend the most of his time in trying to ease the pain. Ryan was then left with Joseph Connick, of Troy, who while he did all he could to assist Ryan in training was unable alone to put him through the regular routine.

Ryan weighed 212½ lbs. four weeks prior to the battle and not having the necessary trainers we understand reduced his weight by bed sweats and strong physics instead of hard work. Under this treatment Ryan entered the ring heavily handicapped and only a few of his friends were aware of this fact until they saw him stripped ready for the encounter.

John Styles, one of Ryan's enthusiastic admirers, who resides in this city, informed the POLICE GAZETTE correspondent that Ryan's trainer had neglected him. He said, to use his own words: "Why I had to jump in and help Connick to train Ryan, for Roche was suffering from rheumatism. I would walk with him one day and Connick would rub him down and then change about. I thought Ryan would win anyway and lost \$1,700."

Even Sullivan's friends were surprised when Ryan stripped, because Sullivan appeared to be the biggest man. The POLICE GAZETTE backed Ryan and he lost. Richard K. Fox, knowing he had done his best, would not desert him neither would the POLICE GAZETTE have made any excuse, such as is given above, but for the false reports circulated about his selling the fight. We are satisfied Sullivan won the battle on his merits and we are also confident that Ryan under the disadvantages with which he entered the ring did all he could for his money. We had said that, too.

that under another method of training he can and will do better.

It should be remembered that when Jem Mace and Tom King fought for £100 on Jan. 28, 1862, in England, and Mace won in 42 rounds lasting 1½ and 8½, King's backers were not satisfied with the result and he was again matched to fight Mace. The battle was fought Nov. 28, 1862, and King turned the tables, winning in 33 minutes.

Now the question of stamina and superiority between the present champion, John L. Sullivan, and Paddy Ryan was not in our mind thoroughly tested in the recent battle and Richard K. Fox intends if possible to carry out the programme of reversal as Tom King did with Jem Mace twenty-two years ago as will be seen by the following, which is a copy of a despatch telegraphed by Richard K. Fox, the backer of Paddy Ryan, to Mel Stone, Esq., on the 26th ult.:

POLICE GAZETTE OFFICE,
NEW YORK, Feb. 24, 1932.

To Mel Stone, Proprietor Daily News, Chicago.

Will you please call on Paddy Ryan, the ex-champion pugilist, and inform him that John L. Sullivan says he will fight him again. Ask Ryan to telegraph the POLICE GAZETTE, or will you please do so, stating if he will agree to fight John L. Sullivan again. If he will do so I will back him. If he refuses then I have an unknown who I will match to fight John L. Sullivan for \$2,500 a side and the championship, and I will issue the challenge and put up \$1,000 on Monday. Inform Paddy Ryan that the POLICE GAZETTE has not lost confidence in him and that I would sooner risk my money on Ryan than on an unknown. I do not think the recent battle between Sullivan and Ryan at Mississippi City decided the question of superiority, for it is a well-known fact that Ryan was evidently not in condition

RICHARD K. FOX,

Proprietor of the POLICE GAZETTE.

In reply Mel Stone, of the Chicago Daily News, telegraphed to Richard K. Fox, proprietor of the POLICE GAZETTE: "Ryan says, back an unknown against Sullivan, and then if he (Ryan) is in condition before the fight he will fight as the unknown. If he should accept a challenge now his friends would think that he was all right, while in reality his hernia is bad. He has not yet seen a physician and is not willing to fight at the present time for fear his friends would lose their money."

An Open Letter to the Press and Public:

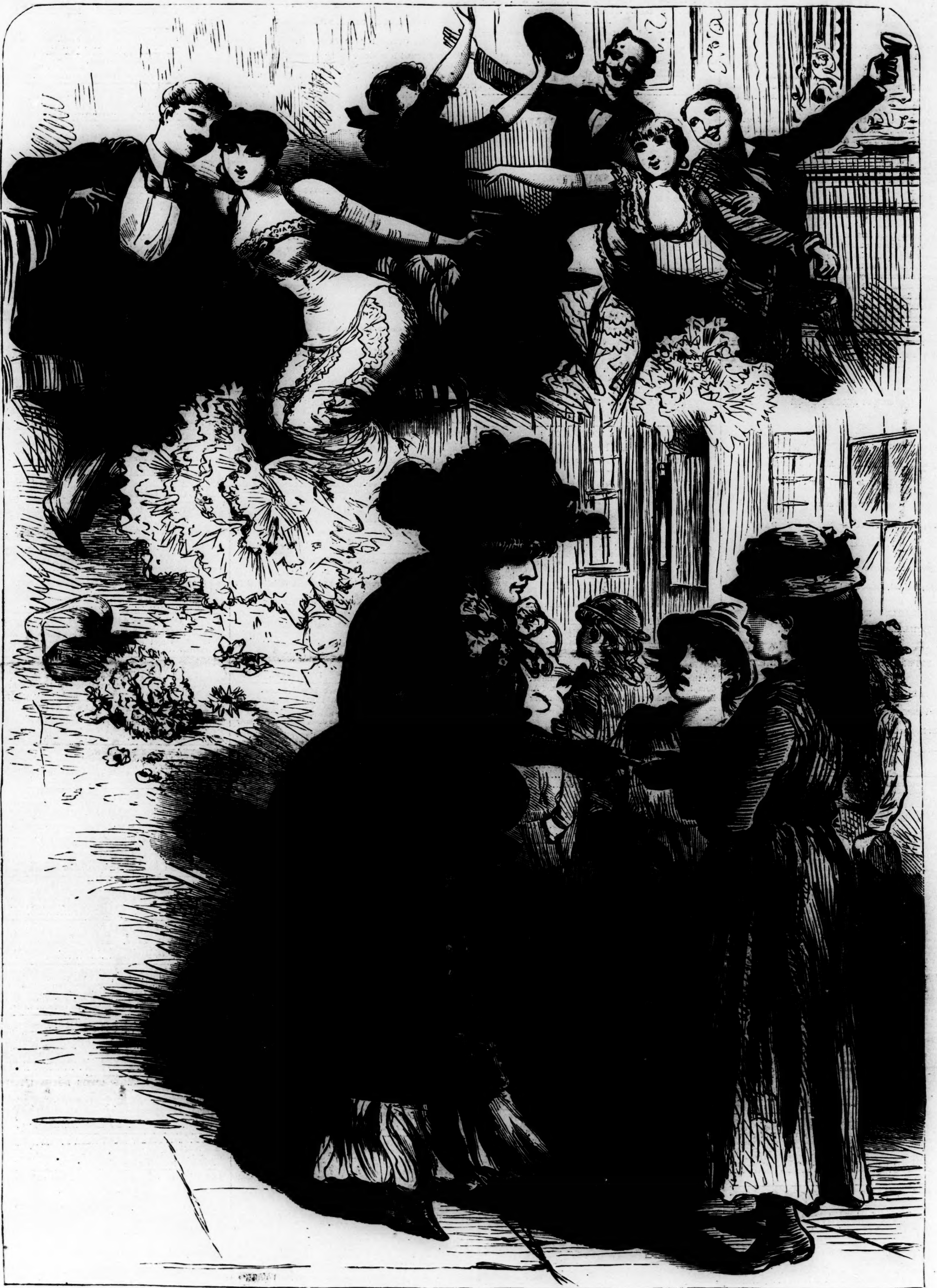
NEW YORK, Feb. 25, 1932.

In the New York Sun of this date there appears an article in which are gathered the "squalls" and complaints of various persons who are supposed to have invested more or less heavily on Paddy Ryan in the late prize fight. The hints and innuendoes of this article are all pointed against me, and are calculated to lead to various impressions in the public mind that are unjust to me. I say nothing of the ingratitude, for my experience had prepared me for that. From the beginning, in this affair of the championship fight, I was conscious of vicious rumors filling the air all around me. It was first said that I did not intend to make a match. I made it. Then that I would not put up the last deposit. I put it up. Then I would prevent a meeting and would draw my money at the last moment. I did not prevent the meeting. I did not draw my money at the first or last or any other moment. At the last moment, on the contrary, I kept my promises to the letter by telegraphing \$1,000 to New Orleans in excess of the stakes for Ryan to bet in the ring privately with Sullivan. In no way did I verify the croakings of the prophets of "crookedness." I pursued a straightforward, honorable course, guided by my own lights of good faith and manly honor. Then when the fight was over, and my money was fairly lost and won, it seems by the article in the New York Sun, I was narrowly watched as if I were an actor whose facial expression was to speak mutely eloquent emotions. Had I raved and torn my hair over the loss of my \$5,000, it is fair to presume from the ungenerous character of my critics, I should have been condemned as in sporting parlance, a "squealer," and a "no good." But I did not rave. I did not tear my hair. I took my loss philosophically. Thereupon it is hinted in the Sun article that I was suspiciously emotionless. Either way my judges were bound to make the case go against me. I was in the position of the old man in the fable who tried to please everybody, and after dismounting and carrying his mule in lead of making the mule carry him, found that he still did not give satisfaction. I am to be pardoned if, with my experience before me I decide to please myself under the guidance of the rules of honor. And to further confirm my decision in this respect I may instance other points in the interviews published in the sporting article of the Sun. It is made a point of suspicion against me, too, that when the man I had backed and had lost money on, had been defeated, I still stood by him and furnished him more money, and even paid his board and expenses when he came to New York. Is this a quality to condemn? Would it have been more satisfactory to my spiteful and unreasonable critics if I had abandoned the defeated champion? Truly, when we come to points of honor, and allow the world to guide us, we find ourselves between the horns of a dilemma. And then it is said triumphantly, "When Ryan arrived, he had but \$5 in his pocket, and yet he lost \$200 in one night." The query on which my critics attempt to hang suspicion is "Where did he get it?" I answer, I furnished him with money, and I stood by him faithfully, as I do yet, with all the loyalty of the spirit that I esteem fair and manly, and no hints or evil suspicions shall make me abandon the rules that I consider are becoming to a man in such an emergency.

In conclusion, if I was not overpowered and utterly crushed by my money losses on the fight it was because, probably, the loss was not considered by me so crushing as it was judged by my critics, who probably are not such philosophical "losers" as I am, though the sums they staked were less. If I manifested no facial contortions in consequence of my loss, it was because I had no emotions to express. The result was plain and undeniable. Where was the use in complaining? I had staked and lost. I was honest and open in my dealing and I saw no necessity for employing the arts of an actor to impress the students of my "facial expressions" when the news of loss came to me. And to sum up all in a few words, in answer to the unworthy aspersions which have now for the first time crystallized from vaporing rumors to the form of cold type, let me say that all hints or assertions that I acted in any other way in the matter of this fight, than as a man of honor who means to keep his promises faithfully and "above board," are false, unjust, and ungenerous, and I repel them with a contempt and indignation that every honorable man will understand and sympathize with. Yours truly,

RICHARD K. FOX,

Editor and Proprietor POLICE GAZETTE.



TEMPTING TO RUIN!

HOW GOTHAM'S PALACES OF SIN ARE GARRISONED OUT OF THE HOVELS—THE GAUDY SPIDER SPREADING HER WEBS FOR THE FLIES WHO MAKE HER LOATHSOME TRADE PROFITABLE.